

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 630

Week Ending
APRIL 18, 1931

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

MARGARET McMILLAN GOES TO HEAVEN

THE YOUNGEST BROADCASTER

A LITTLE DANE BEGINS EARLY

The Cry That Came From a Cathedral in Denmark

A PROMISING ANNOUNCER

Who is the youngest broadcaster in the world?

The C.N. is able to reveal (as the daily papers like to say) that the youngest broadcaster is Bent Hansen.

Many people heard him when he first addressed the microphone, but his name was not on the programme, he was not paid a penny for his services, and his story has only now been told in a letter from the C.N. friend concerned with it. It is one of the most charming things that have reached the C.N.'s window by the Thames.

One day an English lady, Mrs Hall, was sitting in her home at Hoyland listening to a service broadcast from Haderslev Cathedral in Denmark. She could not understand Danish, and although she enjoyed the singing she felt unable to join in the service until suddenly she got a clue.

Listening to a Christening

She heard a voice using a language that everyone can understand, be he Danish or English. It was the voice of the youngest broadcaster, which, being interpreted, appeared to be saying: "This pastor does not hold me comfortably; I want to go back to my mother!"

Then, of course, Mrs Hall imagined she was listening to a christening. She could see in imagination the happy group round the font, and she was able to join in the service by saying a little prayer for the baby.

She wrote a letter of good wishes to the unknown parents, and, enclosing it in one to the preacher, addressed it to the cathedral, asking that it should be forwarded to those concerned.

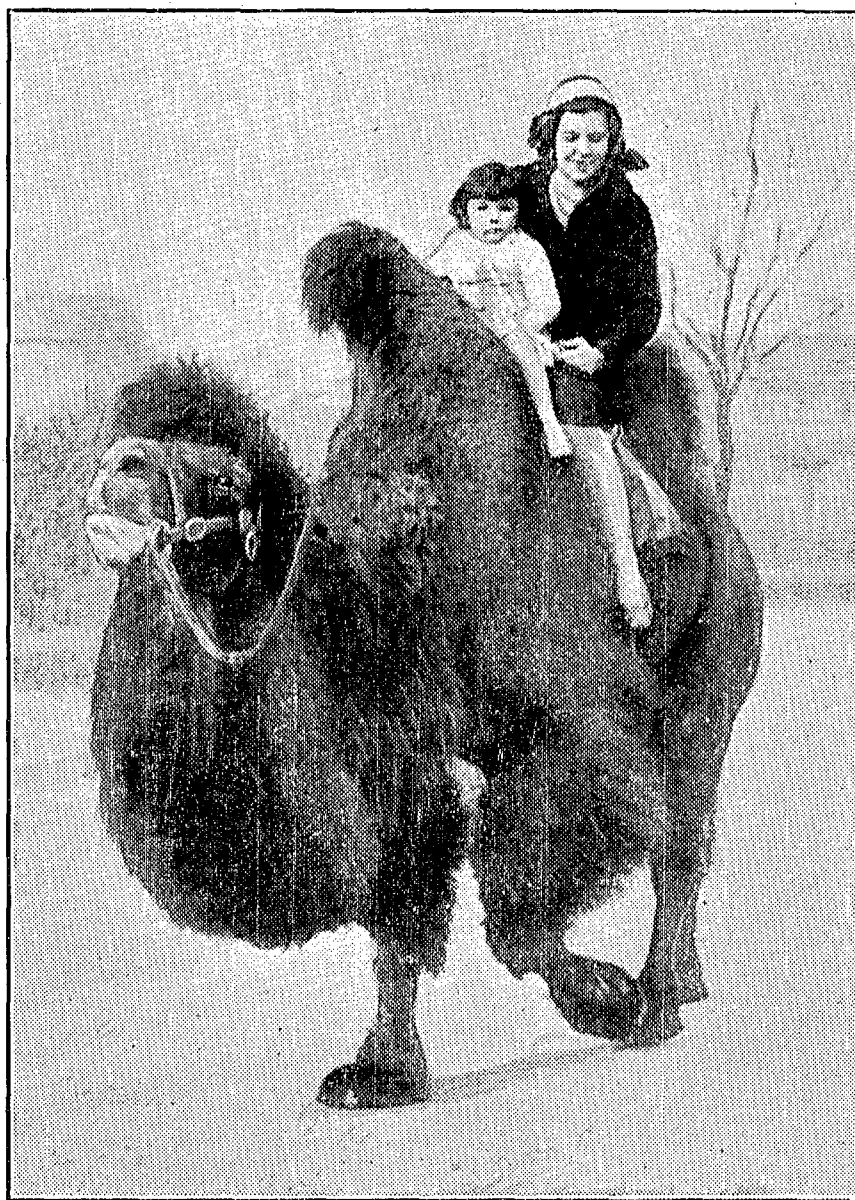
An English Godmother

Soon she had an answer. The baby's parents were delighted with her letter, and grateful especially for her prayers for the child. Many people, they said, had written to the preacher, one of them a Dane living in England, who was deeply moved by hearing a Danish child cry. It was the first broadcast of a Danish christening.

Little Bent Hansen was christened just before the sermon one Sunday, which explains how he chanced to broadcast, and to gain an English godmother, for his father has sent photographs of Bent with his mother, and Mrs Hall has sent him a birthday gift, and prays for him every day; and, as Bent's father says, what more could a godmother do?

We have talked of Bent and his mother, but, after all, Bent's father

Earning Its Keep



In its native home among the mountains of Central Asia the Bactrian camel is a useful beast of burden. In the London Zoo it earns its living by giving rides to visitors.

deserves a word. Is it not he who writes Bent's letters, for him, with apologies for his imperfect English (though his English is perfect compared with our Danish)?

Well, Bent's father, Anton Hansen, fought against us in the war. He was compelled to enter the German Army because he lived in Slesvig, a part of Denmark seized by Prussia in 1864.

On a happy day in 1917, he says, he was taken prisoner at Passchendaele, and he declares that he will never forget the kindness shown to him in the hospital and the prison camp. All the English people felt that a Dane was a kinsman. Did not the Angles come from Slesvig, just opposite Northumberland? At any rate, in 1920, Northern Slesvig was given back to Denmark, and now there is nothing Prussian about it.

Mr Hansen is a merchant whose business perhaps will bring him to England again some day, and Bent will insist on coming too, no doubt, to meet his

wireless godmother. Then they will talk of his future, and he will say: "Of course I shall go on as I began: I am going to be an announcer of wireless programmes!"

He began early, at any rate, and should do well. Whatever he chooses, C.N. readers all over the world will wish the Youngest Broadcaster well. A long and happy life to him—in a world which will know no war. *Picture on page 2*

YOUTH'S CHANCES

Better Than Ever

A journalist put an interesting question the other day to Mr Samuel Insull, who emigrated from England to America in 1881 and now controls undertakings worth more than 600 million pounds.

"Does a young man have as much opportunity today as fifty years ago?" asked the journalist.

"Infinitely more," said Mr Insull.

A man who employs 72,800 people ought to know.

ONE WHO NEVER TURNED HIS BACK

44 YEARS OF HEROIC LIFE

The Man Who Gave Himself For the Lepers

HERO OF THE PACIFIC

One of those heroes Robert Browning loved, one who never turned his back but marched breastforward, has passed away in the lovely city of Honolulu.

He was Brother Joseph, and for over 40 years had lived among the lepers on the island of Molokai, which, from being one of the greatest centres of misery on the face of the Earth, was turned by Father Damien into a spot where the beauty of self-sacrifice and devotion overcame the dreariness of the landscape and the horror of the living death which the lepers lived.

Brother Joseph was one of Damien's helpers, and from 1886, when he landed on Molokai, he never left until last year, when he went to Honolulu to receive treatment for eye trouble.

Successor to Father Damien

Ira Dutton was Brother Joseph's real name. He was born 87 years ago in Vermont, and as a young man he was an officer in the Northern American Army fighting for the liberation of the slaves. Tall and good-looking, he became a well-known figure in Washington, but when he was nearly forty he heard of the work Father Damien, the Belgian priest, was doing on Molokai among the lepers.

He put aside his career and his social life, travelled across America to San Francisco, and took boat for Honolulu. In a smaller vessel he went on to Molokai and offered himself to Damien, who at that time (in 1886) had himself become afflicted with leprosy.

When Damien died three years later much of his work fell on Father Joseph's shoulders, and he carried the burden for over forty years. But last summer Brother Joseph's eyes were so painful that he had to seek the aid of cleverer doctors than those who now look after the lepers.

A Letter That Brought Help

It is a fine story of a man who never looked back. He did not want publicity or reward, and refused a pension offered to him by the Hawaii Government.

It was about the time Father Joseph landed in Molokai that the British public first began to hear about Damien's work on the island, through a letter from the Rev Hugh B. Chapman, now Chaplain of the Savoy. Mr Chapman told the C.N. that he received from the public as a result of his letter nearly a thousand pounds, peers and servant girls alike contributing.

The thought of Damien and Brother Joseph reminds us that there are heroes and saints in the modern world not unworthy to be compared with the heroes and saints of old.

WONDERS COMING SEEING ANYWHERE

What Has Already Been Done
in New York

LOOKING AND LISTENING

By a Scientific Correspondent

A politician, speaking at a public dinner the other day, described the good effects that would come when television and wireless telephones came into more general use.

He pictured a day when a meeting of Colonial ministers would take place with each member at his own desk in his own country, yet all talking with and seeing each other as if in the same room. He made it clear how very important it is to be able to watch the face of the person you are talking to in a really important conversation.

A Vision of the Future

Now this vision of future meetings, of ministers, of business men, or even of families separated by continents and seas, is not exaggerated; for, while television seems just now to be in the doldrums and to be making scant progress, the ground is actually being steadily laid for immense and far-reaching advances.

Two things are happening.

In England a method of broadcasting kinematograph pictures is being perfected which will make it possible for us to link up an apparatus at home with a picture theatre, and so see and listen to talking pictures as we now listen to wireless. This wonderful instrument can already telegraph from one place to another kinematograph pictures which are so clear that cricket matches, swimming contests, soldiers marching, and so on can be quite clearly seen.

Telephone Provided With Sight

In New York there are two telephone booths with completely concealed instruments for talking and listening, with a comfortable armchair in each facing a little screen. On this screen appears the face of the person with whom the telephone is connected. The two people, one in each cabinet, sit and converse and see each other without the consciousness of any apparatus or machinery. During the last few months the seeing has been immensely improved, and the features are seen with almost perfect distinctness. The marvellous thing has been done; the telephone has been provided with sight!

The fact that one talks and listens without the apparent use of any instrument, both microphones and telephones being built and concealed in the walls of the cabinet, makes the accomplishment still more wonderful. Apart from anything else it points a way to much more comfortable telephone methods in the future.

Two-way talking with television is largely due to the genius of Dr H. E. Ives and his able staff of experimenters in the Bell Telephone Company's laboratories in New York, just as present-day colour photography is largely due to the brilliant work accomplished by his father, Frederick Ives.

RUSSIA HAS ANOTHER IDEA

Payment By Results

Russia has decided on a most important change in the terms of payment to workmen. Payment in future, instead of being uniform for all workmen, good or bad, is to be by results. Those who work well will receive more pay than those who work badly.

It is expected that great improvement in output will result.

The point is of much interest to us because our Trade Unions have been as a whole opposed to payment by results, although it has been favoured by many employers.

SEVEN GOOD MEN CAMBRIDGE PILGRIMS TO CHINA

Half a Century's Wonderful
Work in the East

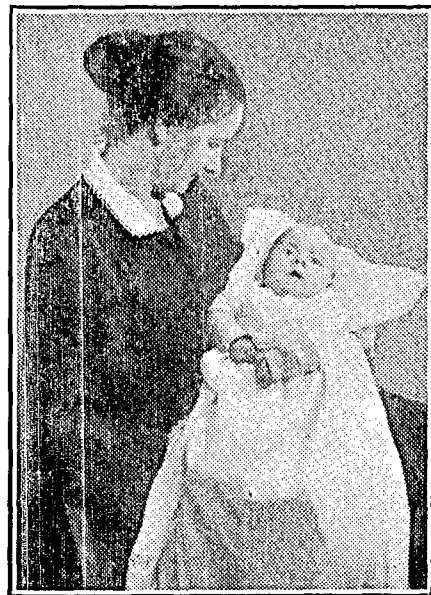
NOBLE RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT

A little short of fifty years ago a meeting of the China Inland Mission was held in the old Exeter Hall in the Strand to say Goodbye to seven young missionaries who were going out to the Far East.

There was nothing unusual in the departure of missionaries, but these young men were remarkable both for what they were and for their choice of a career which to many people must have seemed so much at variance with their worldly prospects.

They were young Cambridge graduates who had distinguished themselves in athletics, six of them fresh from Cambridge colleges, one an Army officer.

Two among them fired the others with the zeal of carrying the Gospel to China;



The youngest broadcaster. See page 1

they were Stanley Smith, who had been stroke of the Cambridge Eight, and C. T. Studd, one of the famous family of cricketers who all played for England. G. B. and J. E. K. Studd were his brothers, and the J. E. K. is the Sir Kynaston Studd who was Lord Mayor of London in 1928-29.

Four others were Montagu Beauchamp, Arthur Polhill, and Cecil Polhill, Eton and Trinity Hall cricketers; and William Wharton Cassels. D. E. Haste was the Army officer who gave up his commission to go with them, and he is always included in the Cambridge Seven, though he was not at the university.

What did these young fellows do with their lives? Bishop Cassels died five years ago in China, after forty years' work there. He was the first to go. Stanley Smith has just died there, also on the eve of his seventieth birthday.

A Missionary at 70

C. T. Studd, who played in that famous match against Australia which England lost and which gave rise to the tradition of the Ashes, served many years in China, and now, over 70, is still a missionary in the Congo.

Sir Montagu Beauchamp spent 30 years in China and has just come back home after a visit there. Arthur Polhill, growing venerable in a Hertfordshire vicarage now, was 40 years in China. His elder brother worked on the border of Tibet. Mr D. E. Haste, the officer who gave up his commission to take service in a greater Army, is happily still alive after directing the China Inland Mission for 30 years.

Of the seven men of about fifty years ago five remain. Their years of work together total nearly 200. It is a marvellous record.

R 101

Starting Too Soon

FOLLY OF KEEPING A DATE

The loss of R 101 can now be said to be due to the eagerness of man to do the big thing before the right moment for its accomplishment has arrived.

The Court of Inquiry into the disaster has issued a report which takes its place as one of the historic documents in the story of man's unceasing efforts to tame matter to his will.

Even the record of the experiments in stresses and strains for the purpose of finding the actual cause of the disaster shows man's outstanding advance in his knowledge of Nature's forces; and the whole story of the careful, unhurried scientific research and experiment involved in perfecting this monster of the air is something of which every Englishman must be proud.

Where Human Frailty Crept In

Yet it is plain that at the end of this colossal undertaking human frailty crept in and ruined everything, involving the lives of many men whose brains and energy had given the world a miracle of ingenuity. Everything appears to have been pressed toward the keeping of a pre-arranged date.

The desire to use the wonder ship of the air for an impressive demonstration led to a final hurrying of work which needed both care and time, and better judgment bowed to what seemed to be a need of the moment. Important trials were omitted, risk was accepted with a courage worthier of greater things.

Nothing in this report alters our opinion that the airship is an adventure too doubtful to continue.

COVERING THE COUNTRY WITH ELECTRICITY

950 Miles of Lines

The excellent work of the Central Electricity Board is doing much to remove the reproach that Britain is behind the times in electrical development.

Nearly the whole country has now been planned out in electrical areas.

The eight schemes adopted for England, Wales, and Central Scotland cover 66,324 square miles with a population of over 43 million people.

As the total population of Great Britain is about 44 millions we see that all but one million of our population have now had electrical schemes prepared for the areas they live in.

The eight adopted schemes cover 72 per cent of our total area, and nearly 98 per cent of the total population, while the South Scotland scheme, which is to come, will raise the area covered by all the plans to nearly 77 per cent of the area and over 98 per cent of the population.

The power lines are now crossing great districts of the country. At the end of 1930 about 950 miles of lines had been erected, and of these about 500 miles were in actual operation.

This splendid progress is full of promise for the future. It will stimulate industry and enable electricity to be used freely in agriculture. The electrical factory will be matched by the electrical farm. Our cows will be milked and our butter churned by electricity.

PUT THE CLOCK FORWARD

As Summer Time begins early on Sunday morning all clocks and watches should be put forward one hour on Saturday night.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Abokuta . . . Ah-be-o-koo-tah
Molokai . . . Mo-lo-ky
Pleiades . . . Ple-ya-deez
Rothenburg . . . Ro-ten-boorg
Senegal . . . Sen-e-gawl
Vichy . . . Ve-sho

POOR KING'S SON AN AFRICAN'S APPEAL

The Deposed Head of a Family
in Nigeria

SHALL HE BE BANISHED?

Eshugbayi Eleko has won his plea to the Privy Council, and their lordships have heard a very strange story of native customs.

Eshugbayi's troubles came from being a king's son. In Nigeria the head that wears a crown lies even less easily than in England, for there is a custom in that country that a deposed chief must leave the area or kill himself.

Eshugbayi's father was Docemo, King of Lagos, who ceded that colony to England in 1861. But if Eshugbayi was not a ruling king he was the head of a royal family and an important person.

This flattering state of affairs came to an end in 1925 when some of the members of the house of Docemo met together and deposed Eshugbayi from the headship of the family. The Governor of Nigeria sanctioned their action and issued an order bidding him leave Lagos and the Provinces of Abeokuta, Ijebu, and Ondo, within 24 hours, in accordance with native law.

Appeal to the Privy Council

Eshugbayi refused to go, so he was arrested and deported to Oyo. He at once called upon the Government of Nigeria to bring him before the court and examine the matter, but the Supreme Court of Nigeria refused to interfere with the decision of the local judge. Now he has appealed to the Privy Council, and the Judicial Committee has allowed his appeal. The Supreme Court of Nigeria is to hear Eshugbayi's case, and his costs are to be paid by the officer administering the government of Nigeria and the district officer of Oyo.

Eshugbayi, apparently, would have left the country meekly if he had been a deposed king. But he was not a king, only a king's son, and so he felt that custom did not demand his death or banishment. A private individual has greater freedom than a king, and Eshugbayi stood upon his rights as a private individual.

We do not know why he was deposed from being head of his family, although it is rumoured that he was claiming to be the rightful king of all Nigeria, entitled to all the revenue in Lagos. In the Supreme Court of Nigeria the rights and wrongs of the matter will be threshed out; but the chief thing is settled—a man cannot be deported because his family refuses to own him as its head.

THINGS SAID

Please do not spit on the pavement.

Notice on Queenborough lamp-posts

For 600 years my ancestors have lived at Newnham Paddox. Lord Denbigh

The lad could not help it.

A Liverpool boy dying from a kick at football

Perhaps the most beautiful of all the buildings under the Office of Works is Rievaulx Abbey. Mr C. R. Peers

A thicket near Primrose Hill, where sweetbriars and roses were to be found, is being hacked to pieces. Mr Edward Rew

In 1908 London had 710,000 school-children. Today they are nearly down to 600,000. Sir John Gilbert

The only Charing Cross solution that will be satisfactory is to bury the railway. Mr D. S. MacColl

If one oyster were left alone with four generations all surviving its descendants would number 60,000 million million million million.

Professor G. A. Dorsey, who has just died

April 18, 1931

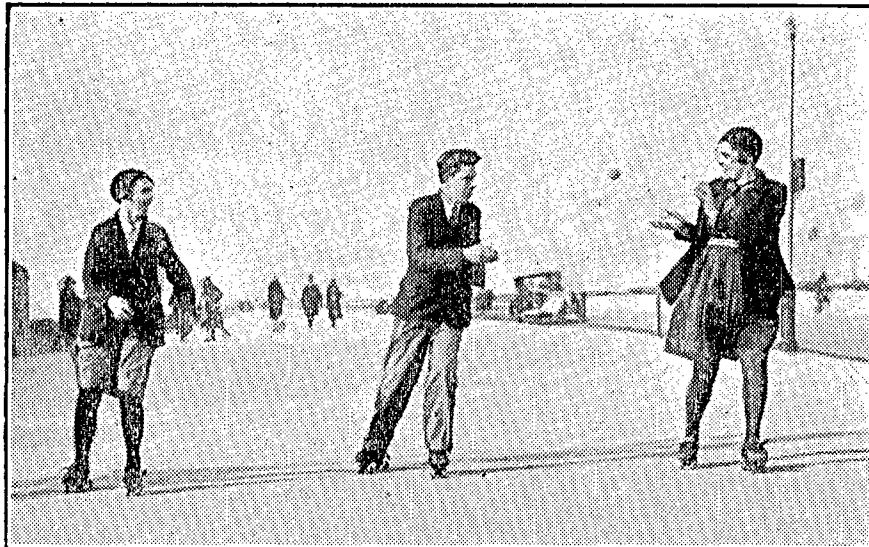
The Children's Newspaper

3

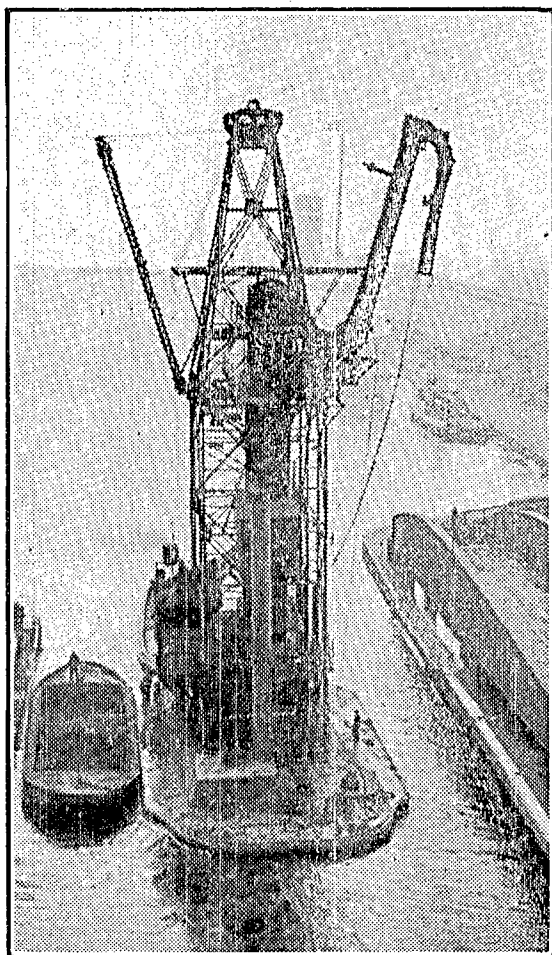
SPRING FLOWERS · WILD DUCKS IN LONDON · LUMBERING BY TRACTOR



The Mile Race—This picture, taken during the one-mile race for boys under fourteen and a half years at Mill Hill School, has quite a frieze-like effect.



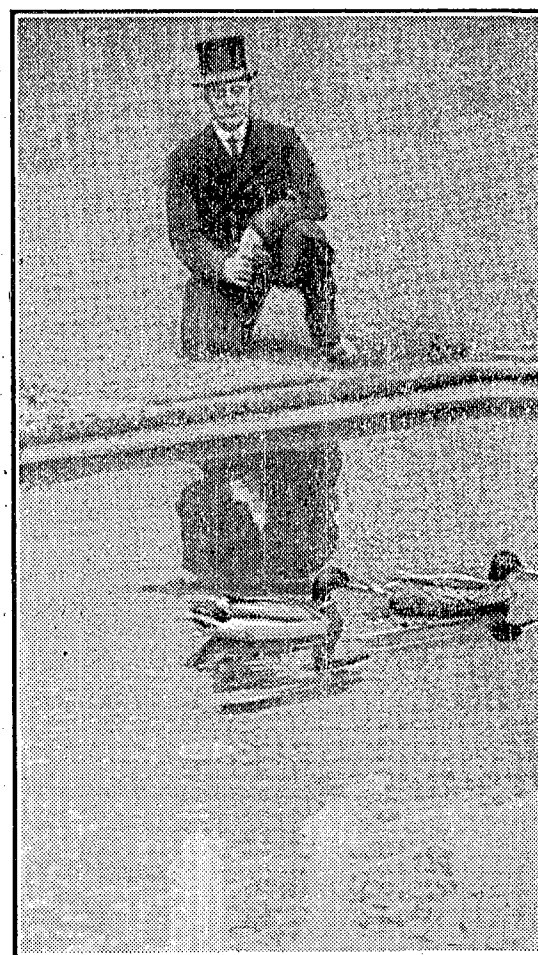
Seaside Skating—Three young people at Weston-super-Mare are here seen roller-skating along the broad promenade, passing a ball from one to another in Rugby fashion as they go.



In London's Docks—A hoist which is capable of coaling a ship at the rate of a hundred tons an hour is here seen going into Victoria Dock, a swing bridge having been opened to allow it to pass.



Spring Flowers—Now that Spring is here who does not long to go out into the country and gather flowers? Here is a girl who has spent a happy afternoon in an Essex wood.



Visitors to London—Two wild ducks have again taken up their abode on a small ornamental pond in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, where they are quite friendly with the porter who is seen in the picture.



Hostel for Ramblers—This old mansion near Skipton, Yorkshire, has been opened as a hostel for ramblers and motorists. It is the house called Gateshead Hall in Jane Eyre.



The Hill Climber—Hauling timber up steep slopes is a big strain for horses, but this tractor working near Exeter was able to negotiate with ease inclines of about one in three.

THE GREAT TEA CUP PUZZLE

WHY IS IT SO DEAR?

Cheap in the Auction Rooms
and Dear in the Shops

A LITTLE THING TO PUT RIGHT

The British tea trade presents us with some remarkable conundrums.

Java and Sumatra, which have tremendous populations, are producing tea as never before, and sending enormous quantities to England, the great tea-drinking country. Actually last year as many as 85 million pounds of Java and Sumatra tea were imported by us!

This means that we are importing about two pounds of such tea a year for every man, woman, and child in the country. Further, as the total importation of tea was 541 million pounds, it follows that of the tea we drink about one pound in every six comes to us from Java or Sumatra.

Fancy Names

But, as everybody knows, we never see at the shops any such label as Java Tea or Sumatra Tea or Dutch Tea. So modest are these teas that they hide themselves away somewhere. The truth is, of course, that they are blended with British Empire tea coming from India and Ceylon and sold under all sorts of fancy names.

Tea is sold wholesale at the auctions in Mincing Lane, London, and we are able to tell from the records of these auctions how much is paid for tea brought in. We find that the average price of tea from Java is a tiny fraction more than 7d a pound, while tea from Sumatra fetches about 8d.

Since the tea duty has been abolished the only costs standing between this very cheap tea and the consumer have been the small costs relating to paper, printing, distribution, and packing. Yet tea at the shops remains at what appear to be high prices, anything from 1s 6d to 4s a pound.

The Mincing Lane auctions also tell us the cost of Indian and Ceylon tea. We find that Indian tea varies in auction price from 7d to 1s 3d a pound, the average being less than 11d. These Indian teas form the greater part of British consumption.

With cheap tea from India and cheap tea from Java it ought to be possible to sell a good blended tea very cheaply.

Unfair Prices

The other great supplier is Ceylon, and even the teas from that island fetch at the auctions an average of a trifle over 1s 3d a pound. If, therefore, a blended tea were equally composed of tea from Ceylon, India, and Java, it would still be an exceedingly cheap product. The auction prices would work out at 10d.

There seems no escape from the truth that the heavy fall which has occurred in the price of tea has not been passed on to the British housewife, who is being charged as much for her tea as last year.

This sort of thing is not fair to the British consumer, and it is not fair to British trade. When wholesale prices fall the retail prices should also fall, and if they do not do so the entire trade of the country suffers.

AMAZING AMERICAN WEALTH

Million Dollar Incomes

In England we have a few hundred millionaires, reckoning their total wealth; in the United States they have so many that they can count them by annual income instead of by total property. There were in 1929 actually 36 American citizens with £1,000,000 a year or more.

In the same year there were no fewer than 504 American citizens with an income of £200,000 or over.

CAPTAIN OATES A Man and His Word

Commander Mather, who was with Scott's last expedition, has been talking to the boys of a club in the East End, who had just placed a wreath at the foot of Scott's statue in Waterloo Place.

Commander Mather said that on the way South Captain Oates expressed the view that the only thing a man who knew he was a burden to his comrades and was not pulling his weight could do was to go out into the night and disappear.

It is one thing (said Commander Mather) to say that in a nice warm room when you are all sitting round smoking; it is another thing to do it in 50 degrees of frost. Captain Oates was a man of his word, and he did what he said he would do.

THE PROUD BOAST OF TIM HEALY

All Ireland, and a great multitude of people outside Ireland, have been sad to hear of the death of Mr Tim Healy, the first Governor of the Irish Free State. He had a life of great political adventure, but what we wish to remember here is this passage from a speech he made on a Bill before the House of Commons.

I would rather have my children learn to say "Our Father" than learn the use of the globes. I would rather that they understood their religion in the provision for the eternity which is to come than that they should become rich and prosperous, and educated in the things of this world.

I would give very little for your education. I cannot spell myself. I cannot parse an English sentence. I cannot do the rule of three. I am supposed to know a little law, but I think that is a mistake. But if there is one thing which I and mine have got a grip of it is the belief in the Infinite Christ to come, the conviction that our children, whatever be their distresses, whatever be their misfortunes, whatever be their poverty in this world, if they have listened to the teaching of the Church will reap a rich reward in putting into practice the lessons of Christianity which they receive in school.

A SEA CHEST FOR LANDSMEN

Shipshape; or Sea-Legs Without Tears. By Edmund Vale. Dent, 6s.

Boy Scouts have their brother Sea Scouts, and in spite of all our changing ways and habits the love of the sea springs eternal in all who live in this island of Britain.

To all such Edmund Vale tells a yarn that will hold and bend them. It is a yarn woven with all sorts of sea knowledge. Do you want to know the names of all the rigs of the sailing ships? Edmund Vale is your man. Or do you in these days of steam prefer the progressive knowledge of all the parts of a modern steamship, its compasses, its logs, its engine-room, its tonnage? That is all set out in this book.

The landfalls and lighthouses, the fog signals, the sounders, flags and fogs, the sea and much that is therein, are all packed into this little book, written by a landsman for landsmen—so that they may become good sailors.

AN OLD PALM LEAF

A romantic discovery has been made in an old house in Budapest.

Workmen who were pulling the building down discovered a box hidden in one of the walls, and in that box a dried palm leaf covered with writing that somewhat resembles Sanskrit.

The Budapest School of Oriental Studies thinks it was brought to Hungary during one of the waves of Turkish invasion. And there Reuter's message ends. Apparently nobody at the school can read the palm leaf document.

Is it a pirate's directions for finding his treasure, or a love letter, or a soldier's despatch, or the title deeds of an Eastern palace?

AUSTRALIA KEEPS HER WORD

Pride of the Young Commonwealth

THE STATE MUST MERGE INTO THE WHOLE

Australia has once more proved to the world that an Englishman's word is an Englishman's bond.

There was great anxiety last month lest New South Wales, the oldest of the States in the Commonwealth, would not only be unable but unwilling to pay the interest due to the thousands of people who have lent her millions of pounds for her development.

Mr Lang, the Labour Prime Minister elected a few months ago, had threatened repudiation of the State's debts. For some days there was much concern in London, whose citizens have always been willing to finance our overseas Dominions.

Mr Scullin, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, supported by the leaders of all the other States, repudiated Mr Lang at once and decided that Australia would over-ride his stupid plan and pay the interest, rightly determined that no individual State shall prejudice the position of all Australia in the eyes of the world.

The incident brings to a head the general administration of the great Southern Dominion. With the increasing ease of communications the time has now come for Australia to be one State in all her relations with countries beyond her shores.

THE RIGHT MAN AT ROCHESTER

And His Day at Canterbury

A new canon was wanted at Rochester Cathedral, and the bishop has been looking round for the right man.

He has found him; he is the Rev W. J. Gray, who has already proved himself the right man in the right place, at any rate in an emergency. They know Canon Gray at Canterbury; now they will discover him at Rochester.

Three years ago he was on Canterbury Station when a man fell in front of the engine, terribly injured. The canon crawled under the train and with some string from his pocket applied a tourniquet. Then he moved the man up against the wall of the platform, pinning him there with his body while the engine moved slowly back.

The wheels were almost touching them, but Canon Gray managed to keep himself and the wounded man clear till the engine had passed and they could be lifted up on the platform.

The Rev W. J. Gray is a brave man. We are glad he has been made a canon. We wish we could give him a V.C. too.

A LION'S HALF-HOLIDAY

At a mining village near Llanelli a circus lion the other day forgot that it was a public character and reverted to the habits of the jungle.

Breaking loose from its cage when all was quiet between the performances of Bostock and Wombwell's travelling menagerie it bore down on an unoffending camel and pinned it firmly to the ground.

Fortunately, before the lion could give a further demonstration of the Call of the Wild, a circus man perceived the plight of the camel. The lion at the same time perceived the circus man and let go the camel to pursue higher game.

Keepers and helpers happily rallied to the spot, and one of them succeeded in throwing a lasso about the lion's neck. Then they all hauled together, and at last were able to drag the angry beast back to its cage.

WOMEN OF ASIA THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING

A Coming-Together to Help One Another

ALL-INDIA AND ALL-ASIA

While the Round Table Conference was still sitting in London last year women in India were busy with two conferences of their own—one of Indian women sitting for the fifth time, the other a new venture representing all Asian countries.

It is five years since certain Indian women realised that there was an immense amount of work they could do for their country, starting with education. The flame of their enthusiasm spread over the various provinces; committees took shape, and within a few months the first All-India Women's Conference was held. It became an annual event.

Compulsory Education

To its original subject of education there was soon added the subject of social reform; and now, at its fifth session, a third has appeared on the programme covering all labour questions. Some of the resolutions passed are of exceptional interest.

One is for compulsory education for both boys and girls up to twelve, with priority for the claims of girls in every scheme of expansion, "because educated mothers are a sure guarantee of the education of the coming generation and an essential factor in the advance of a nation."

Another resolution states that, in view of the widespread awakening in the outlook of women, the conference considered it imperative to form centres for the practical training of social workers; and a third asked that at least one woman factory inspector should be appointed for every large industrial area.

An immediate outcome of this conference was that Lady Irwin issued an appeal for funds to establish a Central College in Delhi, to be a centre for research in educational methods and to send out trained teachers.

Unity of Thought and Culture

The All-Asia Women's Conference, being the first of its kind, was in the nature of a getting-together. Invitations were published in the languages of thirty Asian countries, and the meeting was a clear demonstration of the unity of thought and culture underlying the differences of nations and continents. Among their resolutions one pointed to the necessity for a suitable Children's Act to safeguard the rights of all children and to abolish child marriage. Another urged that the lives and teachings of great religious leaders should be taught in schools.

The women gave their whole-hearted support to the work of the League of Nations, and pledged themselves to do their utmost for the great peace campaign by propaganda work in towns and villages. They decided also to represent Asian women at Geneva and "to travel to other countries with their message."

Are the women of India, with their sisters of all Asia, building up a new civilisation? We wish them God-speed.

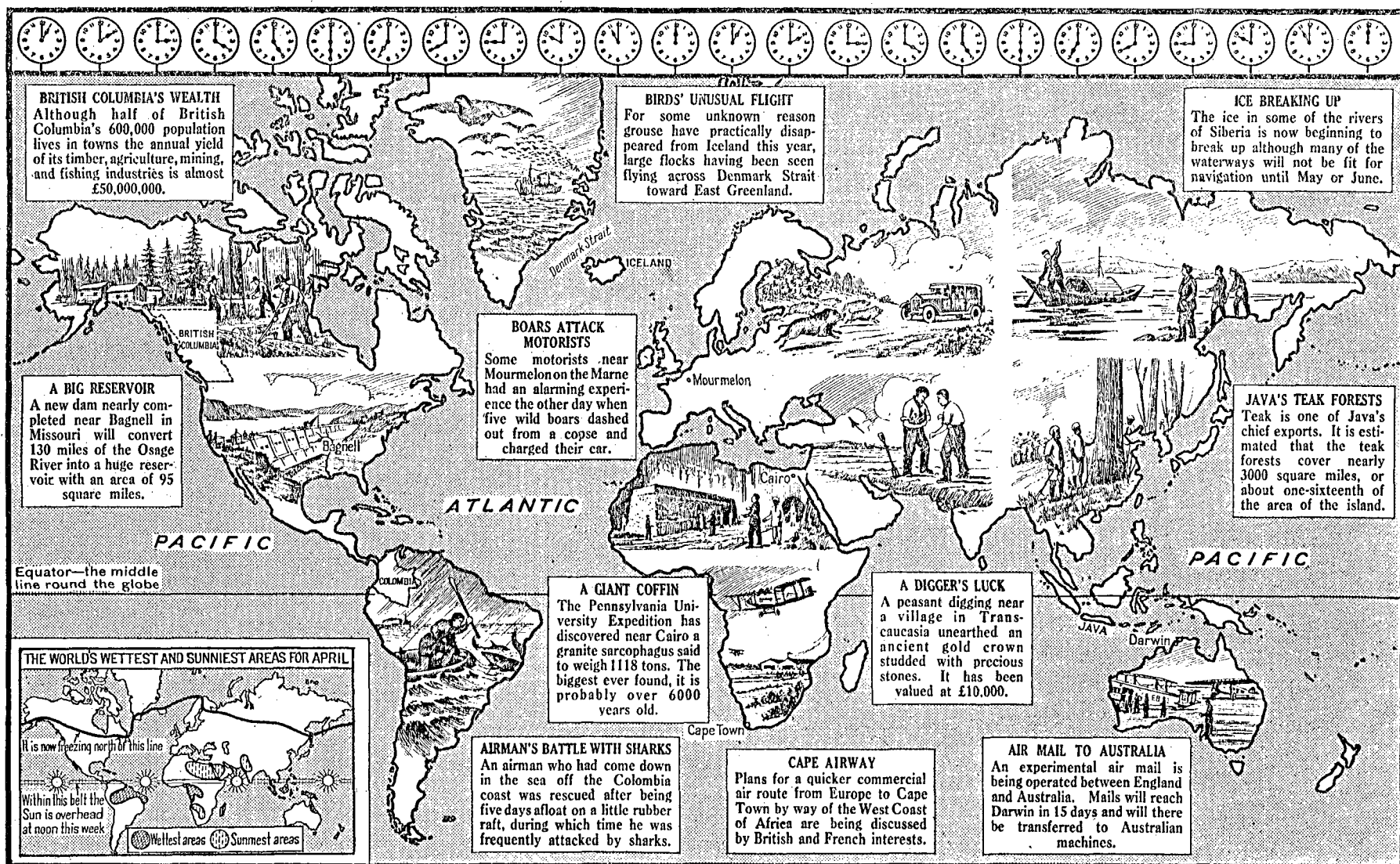
THE VIOLIN HAS A NEW BOW

For centuries past the violin bow has been made of horsehair.

It is perhaps a lucky thing that, just as the horse is disappearing, a German fiddler has invented a bow strung with silver wires. These wires are of about the same thickness as horsehair, and as they are slightly roughened on the surface they vibrate the strings perfectly without the use of rosin.

The tone, it is claimed, is far better than is given by the ordinary bow.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE CRUELTY OF A FUR COAT Not Needed Below the Arctic A LEAGUE FOR MILLIONS OF ANIMALS

Some humane Americans have founded an Anti-Steel-Trap League to prevent cruelty in the fur trade.

It is stated that millions of animals are tortured to death every year by the steel traps used to catch wild fur-bearing animals. It is a terrible thing to trap an animal and leave it in an agony of fear to turn and twist in trying to free itself from a trapped limb.

The object of the new League is to prevent the use of traps which either do not kill outright or do not catch the animal without injuring it. The League is not necessarily opposed to the fur trade as such, although it points out that the wearing of fur is not really necessary for anyone south of the Arctic region, seeing that both wool and sheepskin are much warmer than fur and are easily obtainable.

Possibly there may come a time when civilised people will wonder why women ever decorated themselves with skins of dead animals, quite apart from the question of any possible cruelty involved. As to the use of cruel traps there can be only one opinion, and we hope the Anti-Steel-Trap League will continue its good work.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

16th-century Rhodian dish	£1050
An Adam bookcase	£966
Water-colour drawing by Cotman	£378
Pair of K'ang-hsi dishes	£260
A Yung Ch'eng saucer-dish	£210
An engraving by Dürer	£105
Rembrandt engraving	£95
Letter by Rupert Brooke	£12 15s

SMALLEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD A Curious Show in London

Some fairy merchandise has lately been on view in the Charing Cross Road, the bookworm's paradise.

Three hundred tiny books, the largest miniature collection in England, were seen for a few days in the window of Marks's bookshop.

Among the collection is a thumbnail book, only half an inch high, which is claimed to be the smallest book in the world. This Lilliputian volume is bound in morocco, and was published in Padua about thirty years ago. It was even smaller than an almost microscopical New Testament next to it on the wee shelf at the top of the doll's bookcase in which the collection was housed.

America has acquired this collection of tiny treasures, which was gathered together by Mr H. T. Sheringham of Oxford, who has lately died. This collector knew all there was to be known about miniature books. They were much in fashion in the seventeenth century, when many famous presses issued specimens.

John Jannon of Sedan produced the most famous miniature books of that time, and in Charing Cross Road we saw the other day some of his exquisite editions of Virgil, Horace, and other classics, which were only three and a half inches high.

Some of the most alluring books were the little volumes of fairy tales. It was indeed a joy to see fairy stories printed in fairy type in books small enough for a fairy to hold.

Lord Stamfordham, the King's friend and Private Secretary for 20 years, has died in London.

Some Kent Educational Committee lectures in the small village of Smarden were attended by students from eight villages round.

WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES Our Costly Air Services

Few people realise that all the so-called commercial air services of the world are supported by public money and that if the Governments withdrew their support they would all collapse.

In some cases a direct payment is made. In others payment is made by subsidising the mail services.

The figures for America in 1930 have just been published. There the Postmaster-General subsidises the air mail, and in 1930 paid £2,800,000. But that does not represent all America pays in this direction, for the Department of Commerce maintains airways and landing-fields costing £1,000,000 a year. Therefore in 1930 the American Government contributed £3,800,000 to the so-called commercial air services.

So it is, more or less, with every country in the world that runs these services.

THE ERRAND BOY WHO BECAME A KNIGHT

Seventy years ago a quiet, blue-eyed boy was often seen about the streets of Northampton running errands for a printer. He was James Crockett, and all through life he went on working as persistently as Felix went on walking. He looked after the halfpennies and the pounds took care of themselves.

After being an assistant in a shoe shop he went into partnership in Northampton with his brother-in-law and opened a small boot factory employing twenty people.

Many years later, when his firm had become one of the largest in Northampton, the shoemaker was knighted for his public services, and when he died not long ago it was found that Sir James Crockett, the quiet, blue-eyed errand boy of the sixties, had left a fortune of a quarter of a million pounds.

NEWS FOR WHALES A Chance For Leviathan 42 FLOATING FACTORIES CLOSING DOWN

Here is good news for whales. Norway will not go hunting next season.

There is too much oil on the market, and prices are too low, so until matters right themselves the whalers will leave their hard, dangerous, and unpleasant work alone. Most of them have little farms, and the wives of 11,000 men will be well pleased to have them digging instead of whaling.

The truth is that modern methods of whaling are too effective. Last winter 42 floating factories left Norway accompanied by a fleet of 230 smaller steamers. The small boats do the hunting and tow their prey to the factory ships, where the oil is extracted and stored in huge tanks.

Of course such a fleet reaps a far larger harvest than ships such as the hero of Moby Dick commanded. Captain Ahab would have despised the factory ships for certain, but they are as efficient as they are ugly.

Up till now the whaling companies have paid 20 per cent on their capital, and they expect to be just as prosperous again when the world has had time to use up its stock of whale oil.

The whales must make the most of their freedom, for it will not last long. The season after next Norway will go hunting once more.

THE MAORI MOTHER

A Maori woman broke the world's endurance swimming record at Sydney by remaining in the water for 72 hours.

On hearing that the woman had performed this feat to provide food for her four children another competitor gave her £100 of the £300 she had won. The generous rival was Miss Mercedes Gleitze.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 18

1931

Let Us Get On

LONDON'S slums sprawl over so many of London's acres that if all were put together they would occupy an area bigger than many a big town. Bits are rooted up here and there by determined reformers who are ashamed of them, but from the area thus cleared the slum moves on to somewhere else. The slums as a whole do not move.

Everyone is sick and tired of them. Everyone would welcome and would pay for any comprehensive scheme to clear them off the face of the Earth, for the better health, morals, and prosperity of London, or of any other town in England or Scotland which slums deface. But in this, which is everybody's business, nobody moves. Why?

The reason is to be sought in the history of reforming movements. For a generation or more before slavery was removed from British soil every right-thinking person denounced the accursed thing. But the people whose greatest interest lay in their pockets stood in the way to preserve slavery in all its abomination. They were too solid a block to be stirred by individual appeals.

There is money in keeping slums as there was in keeping slaves. Where is the new Joshua to shake down their walls at the blast of the trumpet? It is a statesman's business. What we want is a Government able to see that the provision of healthy, cleanly dwellings is one of the first requisites of an industrious and contented people. Light and air are as necessary to the well-being of this generation as education was to the last.

No great crusade is wanted, no crusaders are needed, for everyone's mind is made up in favour of the reform.

Why does London, and why does England, wait? It is because we are so desperately slow. Poor old Waterloo Bridge still hobbles on its crutches, and the London County Council is still talking about it. Charing Cross Bridge continues to block the way, its interested defenders can only be conscious that much talk is yet to flow about the bridges before anything is done.

And we are still talking about a National Theatre and doing nothing. We are talking of roofing over the cuttings and sidings of the railways which come into London, and so creating new areas for sites and streets and houses to replace the slums. While we have talked of it New York has done it, as Sadler's Wells has given us a national theatre while the National Committee has gone on talking with its money in its pocket.

Is it not time talking stopped and somebody moved a little? In Heaven's name, let us get on.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Two Figures

WE pass on these two figures brought before the notice of the House of Commons the other day by Sir Donald Maclean, one of the most esteemed Members of Parliament.

£1,250,000—spent by the Government on poison gas research every year.

£150,000—spent by the nation on medical research for the people's health.

The Inspired Sisters

WE write elsewhere of Margaret McMillan, but a word should be said of her love of her sister, of whom she said:

Rachel planned for the little ones a world where they would feel the beauty and changing life of the seasons. She knew that there is healing in the Light. The children would grow strong. They would not know fear. The things that could not be got into any room would be theirs. The influences of their childhood would be changed.

So it is happening in many cities today. We love to think of the cots in the sun, the little cleared spaces in crowded Deptford where the children under the open sky sleep happily and work at happy tasks all day with rosy cheeks instead of pale faces. They have room to run and plenty of water to wash in, thanks to these sisters, who will not be forgotten in the annals of our race.

In the Name of Sport

Is it not worth while to call attention to the story of a great race which has lately been run, on which fortunes have changed hands, and in which at least two noble animals have lost their lives in providing men and women with a little sport?

The first horse fell down and was killed by another which jumped on it and trampled on its head. The second broke a leg and had to be shot. The fate of a third was still in the balance at the time this was written.

This sort of thing is called the sport of kings; it seems to us closely to resemble the sport of some depraved Roman emperor.

A Servant

The highest title in the aristocracy of Heaven was Servant.

THE other day that sentence followed an announcement in The Times of Margaret Davies's death at 88. She had been the dearly-loved friend and servant of a Glamorgan-shire family for 68 years.

In the days of chivalry service was the knight's ideal, and our Prince's motto "I serve" comes from those days. And the highest title in the aristocracy of Heaven was Servant.

Can we not try to restore the word to its old honour? It would be a step in the right direction if our caricaturists left off making fun of our faithful friend the Servant.

Those Who Serve

I never see a railway porter without giving him an anxious wife, a hurried breakfast, and boots at home that need mending.

So said Arnold Bennett, whose death has caused widespread regret. Perhaps the world would be a pleasanter place if we all remembered the anxious wives of those who serve us in trains and buses and shops.

A Splendid Reform in Chile

THE Republic of Chile has set the world a splendid example.

It has abolished the reporting of crime in its newspapers, save for the bare record of cases, giving the names of the persons convicted and their victims. In the case of children names must not be reported at all, which is specially good. The publication of pictures or photographs of crime or criminals is prohibited.

We hope this reform will engage the attention of the Home Secretary.

Tip-Cat

MR EPSTEIN'S latest work is to go into a garden. Somebody making a rockery?

OWING to a breakdown on the railway several towns could obtain no fish. The fishermen could not catch a train.

SOME people are saying that they cannot live within their income. The usual trouble is to live without one.

THE American Postmaster-General is offering money prizes for criticism of the postal service. Ours gets it for nothing.

NOWADAYS few people walk gracefully. In these days of motors it is no longer important to have a good carriage.

HAIRDRESSING, declares a trade journal, is enjoying a wave of prosperity.

We hope it will be a permanent wave.

THE best chewing gum comes from Chicago. Over here we prefer teeth.

A GROWN-UP newspaper gives advice on How Not to Get Run Over. Buy a car.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MR BENJAMIN DRAGE has given £36,000 for helping the Imperial Institute.

AN unknown citizen has offered the Government a well-stocked farm of 200 acres for teaching farming.

JUST AN IDEA

God will send the thread if you begin to spin the web.

Go to See the Crocuses

IT was in the little village shop where you could buy twopennyworth of anything. A young girl was behind the counter, very busy.

In came a woman, middle-aged, not very beautiful, who also looked as if she had plenty on her mind and had just run in for a bar of soap. The woman already in the shop, whose business could not be settled in a hurry, stood aside so that the newcomer could be attended to. She hesitated, and her rather grim face hardened in a slight embarrassment.

The one waiting thought this was perhaps a private business, and turned half away to look at something on the wall. Then out of the corner of her eye she saw the customer's left hand come to the counter and hold out five little violets and two leaves.

The girl behind the counter flushed and smiled with pleasure. "The first," she cried. "How lovely!" And there came in that little shop a minute's talk on the eternal loveliness of the Spring.

It happened that the customer who was waiting (and was allowed to smell the violets) had been the day before in a great London shop. There was another young girl serving there, very busy, with plenty on her mind. The Sun came in at that upper window, looked round and went out again, and one could hardly help remarking how lovely it was to feel the Spring at last.

"Oh yes," burst out the smart young girl. "Do you know, at lunch time I hurried with my lunch and went out into St James's Park to look at the crocuses. They were—oh, so lovely! And I came back feeling that nothing mattered. I did not care what happened this afternoon. I could bear it."

"That is the most wonderful thing about it," said the customer. "You go to see some crocuses and something happens in your mind."

"It does," said the girl; "and you feel you can go on."

Michael Angelo's Prayer

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed

If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:

My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:

Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,

That quickens only where Thou sayest it may;

Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way

No man can find it. Father! Thou must lead.

Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind

By which such virtue may in me be bred

That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;

The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,

That I may have the power to sing of Thee,

And sound Thy praises everlastingly.
Set in English by Wordsworth

April 18, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

7

A VERY GALLANT LADY

MARGARET McMILLAN
GOES TO HEAVEN

The Wonderful Spirit of Two
Heroic Sisters

LET US CARRY ON

That dear and good woman Margaret McMillan has passed out of this world at seventy—far too soon, her friends and fellow-workers think. For about forty years she had been one of the hardest fighters for children's health and happiness that our Motherland has known.

People have almost forgotten now how Margaret McMillan began her missionary work in the dreary North Country. From her earliest years she had been oppressed by the thought of the miserable life of children in poor homes of manufacturing towns where the wretched Half-Time system existed. She joined the Labour Movement, and about 1890 she began to speak in public, in the big towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The Evil Half-Time System

She spoke with no uncertain voice, and her hearers were embarrassed and amazed. They did not like her subject, for they considered that the welfare of their children was their own affair. It was bad enough to be forced to send them to school, without being lectured about the evils of the Half-Time system. They did not want to hear about sad little lives spent in the noisy, overheated mills instead of the open air. They had spent their own childhood in the mills; what were children for, if not to bring in money for their parents?

Margaret McMillan went from town to town, and the light that was in her at last began to wake an answering gleam. People even began to look for her coming; they even said that her lectures made dull and weary folk feel conscious of the other world, of the bright and beautiful places in the land of the spirit. But this missionary soul did other things than talk of the kingdom of heaven and the soul of a little child trailing clouds of glory. She planned clean, practical things, and in 1894, when she became a member of Bradford School Board, she was ready to start at once.

The Good Fight in London

After a little time the people in Bradford became aware that baths had been opened for schoolchildren and that their little ones were being medically treated. In 1902 Margaret McMillan left Bradford for London, and with her sister Rachel began to fight for a parliamentary grant for the regular medical inspection of schools. The sisters were certain that half the suffering of poor slum children was due to lack of doctors' care and poor food. Famous doctors fought in aid of the cause, slowly but insistently working down the dull indifference of the public. Five years later the battle was won, the Bill was passed, and 1908 saw the opening by the McMillan sisters of their first experimental school clinic, in Bow.

An Amazing Success

Profiting by their experience they started another in Deptford, which was an amazing success. Margaret McMillan felt that her life had not been wasted when she saw the first year thousands of ailing little ones pass through her doors. All through the week and every day they worked; "we trained the children to breathe (she wrote), gave treatment exercises for spinal curvature. Oh, what an array of wretched little backs we saw! What an army of spoiled little feet! Our spirometer was always registering feeble, shallow breathing."

Two years before the Great War she won another of her battles, received special grants for her clinic, for dental and medical aid. She went on and on.

THE LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN SITS DOWN

If you will go to the Rue Étienne Marcel in Paris as this is written, and walk down the street until you come to the house of the Comte de Buffon, the celebrated French naturalist, a house being demolished to improve the main street, you may see a little old gentleman sitting on a chair under his umbrella on the landing of the first storey.

All the other tenants have left their flats, having received suitable compensation, but Monsieur Sinelle and his wife refused to go.

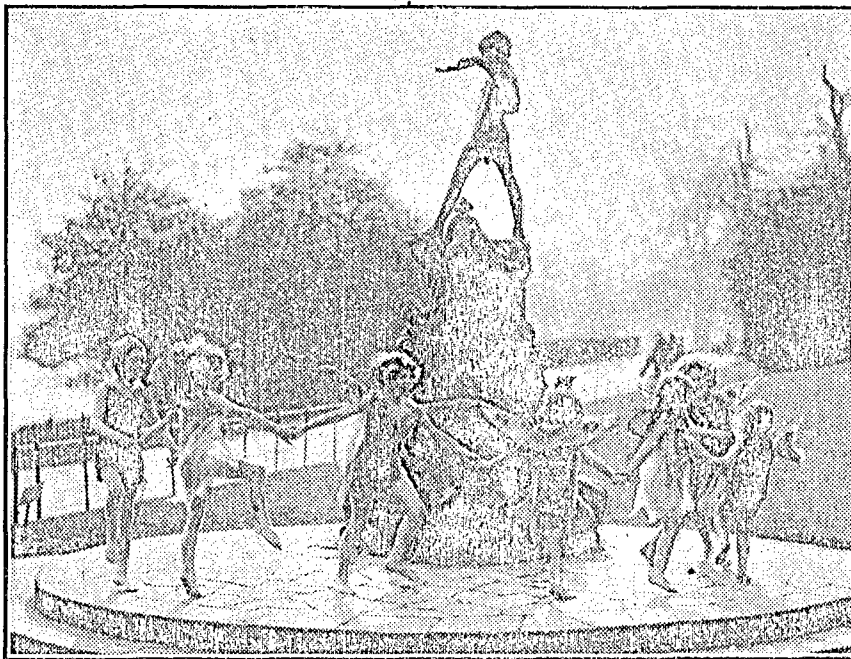
In order to stop the housebreakers Madame Sinelle one day installed her little infirm husband, well protected from all kinds of weather, outside their front door on the stone staircase. This

did not prevent the workmen from destroying the rest of this large mansion, and then there was this curious sight: the first floor propped up between heaven and earth, the rest of the house having disappeared, including the ground floor!

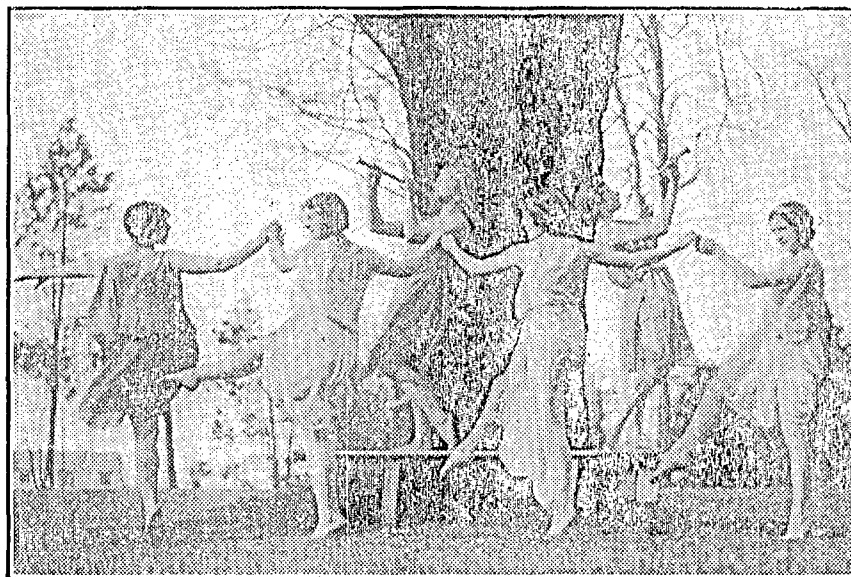
In the courts these immovable tenants are demanding today £1600 as damages for the disturbance of their tranquillity. The contractors stated that, their first offer of £400 having been refused, they had offered another flat of the same size but fifteen times the rental, at the same price as the old one.

Apparently there is no French law by which this elderly couple can be forced to go, and there, as this is written, the matter stands.

WELCOME TO SPRING



Little friends of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens



Dancing nymphs in an old Yorkshire garden

Do you believe in fairies? we are asked in Peter Pan. Our photographer seems to have supplied the answer with his picture of the little people dancing round Peter Pan's statue. Both pictures seem to express the joy that the year's awakening brings.

Continued from the previous column

She converted a garden into a camp which could be an open-air dormitory. Two years later this camp dormitory became the famous open-air nursery school. The sisters could afford to smile; they had really begun, they said.

The war ploughed a terrible furrow across the field of their labours. There were bombs in Deptford which found plenty of victims in and about the nursery school. It seemed to be more than the sisters could bear to see their work torn up by this accursed thing. In 1916 Rachel died, broken through strain and grief, and Margaret felt that half her soul had passed, with her beloved sister, to where, beyond these voices, there is peace. But courageously she went on working, in Rachel's name and her own, and when the war

was over people woke up to the greatness of this missionary saint. People came to see her work and could scarcely restrain their tears of pride and joy in such achievements. Someone started a fund, and presently £20,000 was raised for the Rachel McMillan College for training students in the way of dealing with little children.

When, in 1929, the college was opened Margaret felt that she might now lay down her arms. It was perhaps time. The splendid spirit had nearly burned out the frail body. Now this indomitable spirit has passed over to whatever awaits it in the boundless Universe of God. Margaret could die happy, knowing that from her one school will spring hundreds, well equipped.

It is not every dreamer who can see the dream coming into its fulfilment.

DON GAETANO'S WONDERFUL PUPPETS

Everything But Alive

GREAT TREAT IN STORE FOR
THE CHILDREN OF ROME

We hope the Palermo puppets will stand the journey to Rome and the new life there. For they are not ordinary puppets, and they have never left Palermo before.

Palermo's puppet theatre was started a hundred years ago by a wonderful man, by name Gaetano Greco, whom all Sicily loves to remember. Don Gaetano, the Sicilians call him. After years of work Don Gaetano opened his little theatre in the narrow-streeted old town, and you might have said that it was opened at once in the hearts of the people.

Stories of Chivalry and Romance

Generations of children and their parents have thronged those doors and seen the marvellous puppets who are everything but alive, seen them act the same delightful, well-known stories of chivalry and romance. When the children grew up and became parents themselves they took their little ones to see Don Gaetano's puppets. They knew the plays from end to end, and could hardly bear to see one scene changed. And so this theatre became part of the life and traditions of the old Sicilian town.

Gaetano Greco was in his way a genius, and his grandsons, who now control the theatre, will tell you quite frankly that any beauty or merit their puppets may possess is the grandfather's work, and not theirs.

Old Gaetano's Ambition

How he toiled at his art, that old Gaetano! His ambition was to make his little creatures look and behave like human beings. The summers and winters rolled past him working at his theatre. He only came out of his workshop to fight now and again for Sicily, for he was as brave as a lion, this man whose fingers toiled with tiny mechanisms; and what with Gaetano the soldier and Gaetano the puppet-maker Sicily could not think enough of its brave and gifted son.

Every few years he could see he had made an improvement, passed another stage. But still he could not make his dolls speak. And the story goes that when he was old he at last succeeded in reproducing a human voice within the mouth of one of his dolls, so that it said words "which only a creature of God could have uttered."

Then poor old Gaetano, who was very devout, got frightened at what he had done, went slowly mad, and died in 1874 under a sad cloud.

Passing On the Great Art

His genius lived in the brain of his son Achille, and Achille in turn passed on the great art of the puppet theatre to his sons, who have the lovely names of Alessandro and Ermenegildo. These men loyally say that Don Gaetano did everything, but really they have carried the perfections of their theatre and troupe to a marvellous extent, as the Sicilians will tell you who have been delighted with the stage effects of fountains and waterfalls and sometimes a real fire roaring. And it was the great Achille who had twenty different voices in his head which his puppets spoke for him.

And now Alessandro and Ermenegildo Greco are taking their historic puppet theatre to Rome.

"What Palermo will do without its loved displays we cannot think. We only trust that the children of Rome, to whom the name Don Gaetano means no magic at all, no waiting outside the theatre, no joy in the well-known battle or tears when the beloved hero dies, will shortly learn what a lovely thing has come to rest in their great city."

THE JOLLY SHOEMAKER And the Good Miller A MAN WHO NEVER REFUSED TO HELP ANOTHER

By a Travelling Correspondent

Here is the story of a Jolly Shoemaker and a Good Miller; a pleasant warm-hearted story for a cold evening. It is sent by a C.N. correspondent travelling in Bavaria.

After spending a day in the lovely old city of Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber we were hurrying back to Nuremberg. Our guide for the day was a shoemaker who for some years before the war had made shoes in London. A shoemaker from Nuremberg at once suggests the name of Hans Sachs, the famous shoemaker-singer of The Mastersingers, whose statue is in that city. And sure enough our guide was also a singer.

Signs of Great Excitement

But this is what we liked best about our Bavarian guide. When the motor-bus was a few miles away from Rothenburg suddenly our Hans Sachs showed signs of great excitement and called to the driver to stop. The car drew up, and he jumped down and ran along the road. The next moment he reappeared, helping an old countryman and his little black bag into the car. With delightful courtesy he gave the old man his seat, and the car started off again.

Then the guide turned to the whole company, German, English, and American, and said: "You see this old man; he is a miller in one of the little villages near. He tramps often into Rothenburg, though he is over seventy. I have good reason to remember him. When the war was on I was sent back to Germany from England in exchange for a British citizen. We were very short of food in those days, and I had to seek bread for my children. This man," he added, putting his hand on the miller's shoulder, "this man never refused me a little grain, however short he might be."

Like a Piece of the Old World

The old miller talked with us a little, telling of his hope that he might still travel and one day see Britain and America. Soon we reached the side road leading to his village; and the miller went his way and we went ours.

But when we think of Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber, which is like a piece of the old world still left untouched, we shall remember the jolly shoemaker who was our guide, and the old miller, with that kind look in his eyes, who never refused grain to those who needed it.

GENEVA SPEAKING

Mr Vernon Bartlett's Talks

The World Our Neighbour. By Vernon Bartlett. Elkin Mathews. 3s 6d.

Nearly all of us know Mr Bartlett if we have a wireless, for he speaks to us delightfully. His broadcast talks are as the voice of the League of Nations telling once a week what is doing in the great affairs of the world.

Before anything can be done it is necessary that all the nations shall know what the others are thinking and doing. They must get to know one another, and that is what Mr Bartlett's broadcast talks help all the intelligent listeners in of our own country to do.

In this book he continues the good work by gathering together some of the most telling of these talks. He describes what our very distant neighbours in China are about. He says why the illimitable patience of the Russian peasant falsifies the predictions of an early collapse of the Soviet. He informs us of the why and how of Disarmament. In short, he may be described as the Complete Guide to Peace.

There are now a million and a half electric fires in England and 300,000 electric cookers.

TRUTH WILL OUT An Old C.N. Story Proved True 700 POOR DEAD BIRDS

One of the handsomest apologies we have received for a long time has just reached us from Port Elizabeth in South Africa.

It referred to a description appearing in the C.N. some years ago of the sad fate which had overtaken a vast flock of hawks at Pearston in South Africa. Hundreds of them had been found dead, overwhelmed by a storm.

The description was read by a resident in Natal, and he promptly wrote to us to tell us that he did not believe a word of it. He did not live very far from Pearston, as distances go in South Africa, and he had never seen or heard of such a thing.

Now we have heard from him again, and, in his own words, he finds after all those years that the C.N. was right, and he therefore thinks the least he can do is to write to apologise.

Thousands of Migrants

His conversion came about in this way. His sister, who had been touring up-country, visited Pearston, and while there saw thousands of migrant birds in the air. She asked what they were, and was told that they were hawks, or kestrels, which had just come back from Italy. They fly north for the Italian summer and return south for the South African summer.

While our correspondent's sister was at Pearston there was a tremendous storm of rain which lasted through the night, and the next morning 700 of the hawks were counted dead.

It is a striking coincidence, as well as a confirmation of the C.N.'s old story, and we are glad to have both. We think it likely that a large number of these migrant hawks travel to Spain, where they are common in Andalusia, and to Morocco.

The strangest thing about the last reported incident is, as our correspondent observes, that he should have lived all his life in South Africa and never before heard of such a thing.

A GOLDEN DEED

The Cripple Guides and Their Good Turn

At a Girl Guide Cripple Guild Rally the other day there was told this story, hardly credible in this age.

During their work among the poor they had come across a lame woman who had never walked in her life of 30 years, never received a letter in her life, and never been to a party! They invited this poor woman to a Guide Rally, where she had a wonderful time. At the end of the evening she was asked if she would care to join the Guild. Her acceptance was enthusiastic. Some little time later it was arranged to send her to Harlow Wood Hospital to see if something could not be done for her lameness. She was taken to the hospital by ambulance and she came out *walking*! She is today a normal woman and is earning her own living with her clever fingers, through arts and crafts taught her by the Guides.

THE STORY OF JUST

Just is an adjective and an adverb.

As an adjective it is applied to a person, conduct, or action, implying the sense of fair, right, equitable. Used of an emotion, opinion, or decision it means felt with good reason, having a sound basis, according to justice, proper, or fitting.

The adverbial use of the word varies from exactly (just at that moment) to scarcely or hardly (I just caught the train). The phrase *just now* means "at this moment" or "not long ago." Used conversationally the word Just means quite (as just perfect).

AUTOLYCUS TO THE RESCUE A Tidy Idea PUTTING A PRICE ON LITTER

From far-distant Mexico City comes a letter to express sympathy with the C.N.'s campaign against litter and the Litter Lout. It offers more than sympathy: it contributes a most helpful suggestion.

It is of the nature of a postscript to the suggestion that the C.N. had already made to firms which wrapped up their goods in paper or cardboard cartons. The suggestion was that they should print on them a request to purchasers not to litter the streets or public places with them. Some firms have responded by adopting this idea.

Our correspondent would have them go farther. Why should not all firms selling sweets or photographic films, or anything else wrapped up in a packet, print announcements on the wrappers that in return for every 100, or 500, or 1000 wrappers, cartons, or other coverings, which purchasers collect they will give an extra packet, or some other trifle?

A good many people, he thinks, would in these circumstances keep their wrappers instead of casting them away.

It seems a feasible idea if only the manufacturers could be persuaded that it would help in selling their goods. Any idea is worth consideration which will contribute to tidiness.

Our correspondent thinks that it might in time be extended to the derelict tin and the unwanted bottle.

RIGHT TIME FOR EVER Greenwich From the Lamp Socket

Accuracy is fast becoming a household commodity.

Greenwich Time is being supplied from the electric lamp mains, and households will soon be run virtually to the tick of the clock. A master frequency meter is installed at the generating station enabling a frequency of the alternating current to be maintained within an accuracy of a thousandth of one per cent.

The Synclack, as it is called, is a springless electric clock driven by a tiny electric motor which runs in exact step with the frequency of the current. These clocks are being fitted in cases to suit different styles of decoration and furniture. All that has to be done is to connect the clock with a wire to an ordinary lamp socket or plug, when it will run for ever and a day without re-winding, regulating, or cleaning, giving the *exact* time!

THOSE OLD RAZOR BLADES

Some problems to which the C.N. has given an interested attention, such as the lost smell of musk, seem as far from being solved as ever. But for one there may be a partial solution.

It is that of disposing of old safety-razor blades. Some have been sent to Africa for use among the tribes, but the African resident who said he could thus dispose of them had soon to call Enough, so many were sent to him.

Then one day this week the C.N. saw in a City shop a notice saying that a million blades were wanted and payment made for them at a farthing each.

Father will have to keep a sharp eye on his old razor blades when this good news is broadcast.

TO CAPE TOWN IN A WEEK

Truly the world is becoming smaller.

Lieutenant-Commander Glen Kidston, by his splendid flight, has brought Cape Town within six and a half days of England. This is more than two days quicker than the previous record for the journey. His actual flying time was about 56 hours and the distance covered was 7505 miles.

KARSAVINA'S PARROT A Bird Who Broke His Parole

AND FOUNDED A FAMILY IN EPPING FOREST

Madame Karsavina is very happy.

She thought one of her friends was dead, and now she has learned that he is alive and happy.

Three years ago she had a handsome parrot who, she says, "was on parole in my house in Regent's Park, free to come and go as he would, but, for his own sake, not to leave the house."

The parrot ought to have been content to be the companion of the famous Russian dancer, but he was not.

"She is kind," he probably thought, "but her conversation bores me. People in this house are always talking about art. I never meet anyone who talks about bird seed. The place is too highbrow for me, and I shall leave."

Three Autumns Ago

Leave he did, three autumns ago. Karsavina was grief-stricken. She thought her friend had blundered into the clutches of a cat, and as day after day passed by without his return she felt certain that he had either been killed or died of hunger.

Imagine her delight when she learned that a parrot was seen in Epping Forest three autumns ago, and that now there is a family of parrots there!

She believes it was her friend who settled in the forest, sought out and freed an imprisoned mate, and founded a family. She forgives him for having broken his parole, because, she says, "he had to fulfil his great mission—to fill the woods of England with the whirr of little orange-lined wings, to people them with small green parrots."

How could he have deserted such a charming lady?

Music and Choreography

"My dear," he tells his wife, "she nearly made my head split talking of music and choreography."

"What are they?" asks his nice, simple-minded little wife.

"Oh," he says airily, not daring to confess that he does not know, "just grand names for hemp and millet."

She says earnestly "We must bring up the babies to call a spade a spade."

Well, he may not be a brilliant talker, but he is a clever bird all the same. How he has managed to survive the winter weather and feed his family is a mystery; but we wish the new forest family well.

THE MOST HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION

A Note on Skyscrapers

It is not surprising to learn that the building of skyscrapers is the most dangerous American occupation.

The calculations upon which this conclusion has been arrived at are based upon accidents in relation to hours of work done.

The most remarkable thing about the tall buildings of America is that they should exist in an enormous country which on the average has only forty persons to the square mile. This fact makes the skyscraper seem ridiculous, but the truth is that in such places as New York a very large number of people want to get near each other for business purposes in a very small area.

It should not be imagined, however, that all American buildings are skyscrapers, or that even all the buildings of New York are very high. There are many thoroughfares in New York which are lined with buildings little if anything higher than those of London.

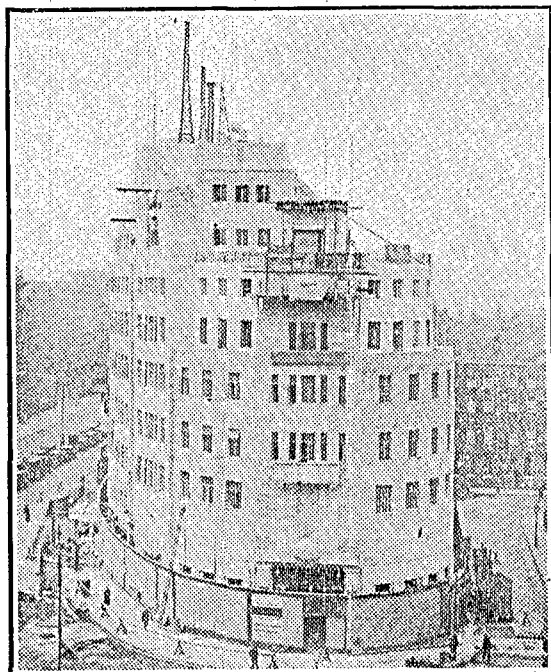
As for the majority of the American people, they live not in tall buildings but in small wooden houses.

April 18, 1931

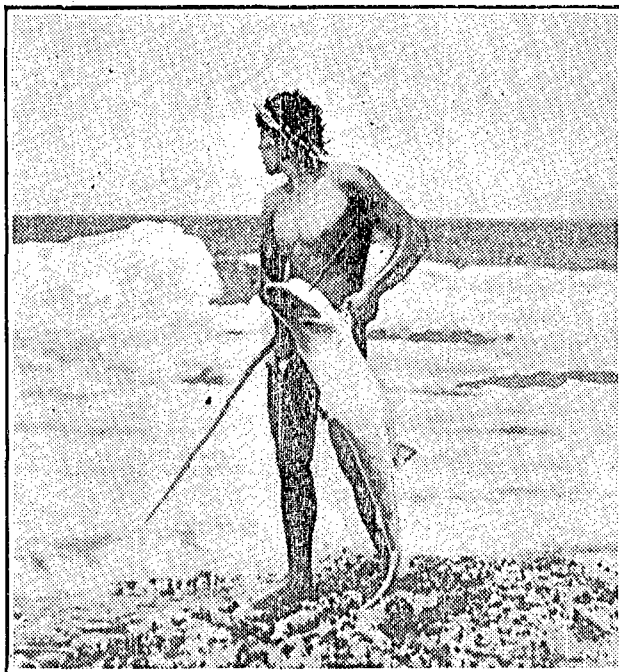
The Children's Newspaper

9

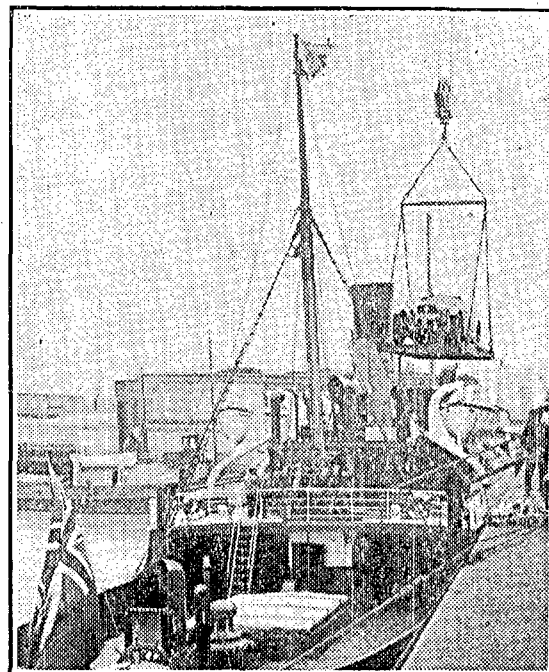
THE SACK RACE · NEW HOME FOR THE B.B.C. · THAMES YACHTING



G.H.Q. of the B.B.C.—Broadcasting House, the new London home of the B.B.C. in Portland Place, is nearing completion. It contains twenty studios of various sizes.



The Fisherman—In many of the South Sea Islands the livelihood of the natives is largely dependent on their skill as fishermen. This native fisherman is seen with a shark he has speared.



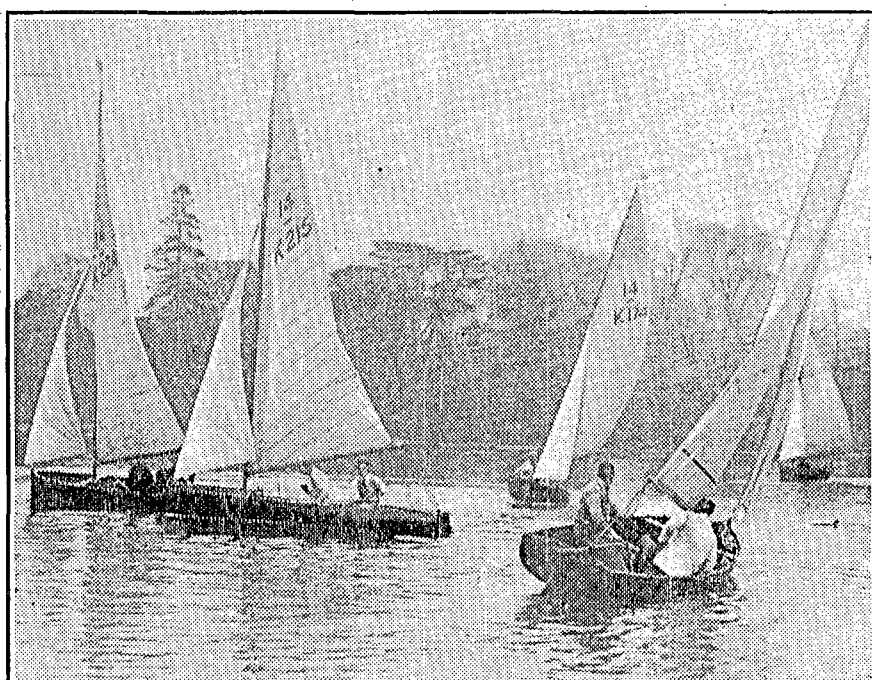
The Motor Boat—A new ship built for taking cars across the Channel has just been put into service. The Auto-carrier, as it is named, is here shown unloading at Calais.



Ready, Steady, Go!—The sack race, which always provides amusement for onlookers, is equally popular with competitors, judging by the happy faces of these girls at Watford.



Baby Okapi—The okapi, usually a very shy animal, lives in the densest parts of certain forests in Central Africa, but this baby at Buta in Belgian Congo is used to human beings.



Opening the Season—The sailing season on the Thames was opened at Teddington with a race by the Thames Club. The boats are here seen getting into position for the start.

ARTIFICIAL SILK Demand Increasing All Over the World

THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT OVER-PRODUCTION

That newest and perhaps most wonderful of the textile industries, artificial silk, did very well last year when the general bad trade of the year is taken into account.

Artificial silk is produced from cellulose or vegetable fibre, and the process is in essence an imitation of the production of silk by the spider, the marvellous threads of whose web are forced through a number of tiny holes, coalescing to form a filament at once light and marvellously strong.

Last year the world as a whole produced almost as much artificial silk as in 1929, the total reaching nearly 400 million pounds. This is very good when we remember that in 1928 the world's production was only 340 million pounds, and in 1927 only 270 millions.

A Trade Likely to Grow

We may gather from these facts how the trade is likely to grow when the present depression has passed and when the material has been better absorbed by the old textile trades.

For artificial silk can in practice be combined with real silk, with cotton, and with wool, to produce very beautiful and yet inexpensive fabrics. It is opening up new channels of enterprise in furnishing fabrics, upholstery fabrics, curtain and cushion stuffs, dress goods, and hosiery. It is beginning to make an impression upon goods for men's wear.

Improvements in the material are always appearing, and there is no doubt that the time is drawing near when the world will be producing as much artificial silk in a month as it now produces in a year.

What America is Producing

The British production in 1930 approached 50 million pounds, or about one-eighth of the whole world's output, America producing rather more than twice as much as Britain.

Other big producers are Italy, Germany, France, and Japan. Japan has already reached a yearly production of about 30 million pounds.

Some people speak of "over-production" in artificial silk. The real truth is that the world suffers from a great under-production of such goods. If we consider England alone we know quite well, if we are acquainted with the homes of our people, that the great majority of our houses could absorb a very large quantity of fabric, while the great majority of our people also would gladly consume more cloth of cotton, wool, silk, and artificial silk if they were able to do so.

We need not then be afraid of over-production of artificial silk, or of any other good textile material.

ST JOHN ADCOCK'S LONDON

A Book of Memories

London Memories. By St John Adcock. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s 6d.

This is a most admirable little book for those who love London, especially for those who remember the London that is passing away.

Mr St John Adcock knew the greatest city in the world better than most of its people, better than all except a few, and in this volume, which may be regarded as a memorial, he writes in his characteristic way of London through the ages. We walk about with him in our familiar haunts and feel something of their history, and the drawings by the author's brother, Mr Frederick Adcock, enrich what is altogether a friendly volume, a handy guide, and a remembrance of one of the friendliest Londoners who ever walked our streets.

A LONDONER'S LONG LIFE C.N. Reader Who Knew Livingstone

JACKO ENTERTAINS A 90-YEAR-OLD

We like to hear of our readers from 5 to 105, and it is pleasant to know that when someone called, a little time ago, on Mr Edward Unwin, the 90-year-old head of a great London printing firm, there was a copy of the C.N. on his table.

"I have lots of papers to get through," said this eager old gentleman, "but I always take the C.N. Whatever else I miss I read about Jacko and look at the pictures."

Edward Unwin was born in 1840 in a house on the site of the present Cannon Street Station, so he is a real Cockney, born within the sound of Bow Bells. When he was ten years old his family moved to Hackney, and he had to walk seven miles a day to the City of London School and back. (If the C.N. had been published then and the school had been where it is now, he could have run across John Carpenter Street from the school opposite to collect his paper.)

No Smoky Chimneys

He remembers going by steam train from Hackney to Stepney, and then on to Poplar by a train drawn by ropes, to see the mission ship John Williams the First set sail for the South Sea Islands.

The firm of Unwin has always considered its workpeople. Edward Unwin's father was one of the first employers in London to start a sick benefit fund, and when Edward and his brother George took over the business they improved the working conditions by moving the printing works to Chisworth, in Surrey, where their power was generated by water turbines and there was no need for smoky chimneys. John Ruskin was much interested in the scheme and wrote them a letter of congratulation.

Another great man of his youth was David Livingstone. Mr Unwin's mother was a great friend of the wife of Robert Moffat the African missionary, so that when David Livingstone married Mary Moffat he often used to visit the Unwins' home at Hackney.

LIVE AND LET LIVE Russia and Persia Agree

Though Russia still looks askance at the League of Nations one of its treaties appears in the giant volumes of the Secretariat for all to see and read. Whenever one party is a League member a treaty is not valid unless that treaty is registered at Geneva.

The new treaty is with Persia, and is one of the "live and let live" variety. The two States undertake to abstain from any interference in one another's foreign affairs and to prevent mischief-making. Each agrees to enter into no alliance directed against the other, to take no part in boycotts or economic blockades organised against the other, and to abstain from all aggression, or from taking sides should trouble arise.

If every State in the world would make and keep a pact like this we could lay down arms tomorrow.

A CHURCH PUTS IT ON RECORD

We hereby put on record, in case of any future war in which this country might be engaged, that this congregation will refuse to sanction such a war or have any part in it, for we dare not give the name of Christ to that kind of bitter strife which grows more horrid with each conflict, and likewise more ineffective to promote the welfare of mankind. Resolution of the Central Christian Church of Van Nuys, California

HOW TO DO IT Plenty of Work To Be Done LONDON'S NEW TOWN

Splendid progress is being made by the L.C.C. with its new building estate at Morden, now the proud terminus of an extension of the Tube from the heart of London. It is a case which splendidly illustrates the value of good transport.

A few years ago Morden had only a few inhabitants. Now it has some 7000 people, and will soon have 50,000. The L.C.C. is building houses at the rate of sixty a week on its fine estate. Schools, churches, and cinemas are springing up, and the Council is giving special attention to playing-grounds. The estate measures about 1000 acres. As private builders are at work on other estates the place is growing like magic.

If there were more of this sort of enterprise there would be less unemployment. Morden is using bricks by the million, and when you use bricks you also use lime, cement, tiles, slates, timber, joinery, glass, iron gutters, iron stoves and grates, lead, baths, sinks, sewer-pipes, electrical appliances, paint, varnish, and so on. Further, all these things have to be carried by railway or road. This is how to make work; it is also making good homes, happy families, and healthy children.

A national campaign against the slums would bring a great army of men into work. Why not start one?

BROWNING'S OLD HOME IN LONDON

A House of Sadness To Be a House of Gladness

A delightful thing has happened. Robert Browning's house, 19, Warwick Crescent, has been sold and is going to become a clinic for children.

It was to this house that he moved after the death of his wife had ended one of the most beautiful love stories in history. They had lived in Italy, but when she was gone he fled from its too bright sunshine and made his home in London. He spent two mournful years almost in solitude, and then he began to welcome the comfort of friendship again, and to make poems and to travel. It was in Italy that he died, 28 years after his wife.

Now the house of his sadness will be a house of gladness, a place for making sickly children well.

Both the poets would have rejoiced at that. Robert Browning had a compassionate eye for the children of poverty, and in a line and a half fixed that sad small figure:

*The many tattered
Little old-faced peaking sister-turned-mother.*

Mrs Browning struck a valiant blow for the wronged children of her day in the famous Cry of the Children:

But the young, young children, O my brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the others

In the country of the free.

Today no English children work in factories, or are oppressed in work-houses, and a splendid system of welfare clinics is caring for their health, while play centres, Scout and Guide troops, and kindred organisations care for their leisure. Elementary and secondary schools are stepping-stones to the university. Very happy would the tender-hearted poet have been if she could have foreseen the day that has now dawned, and could have known that all England would acknowledge the child's right to happiness.

To All Kind Homes

*Please ask your Butcher
to use the Humane Killer*

WAGONS IN THE NIGHT

The Tunnel Under the Mersey

A BIG PROBLEM THAT WAS TACKLED IN A BIG WAY

For five years men have been making the new £5,000,000 tunnel under the River Mersey.

About a million tons of earth and rock have been removed in that time, but one end of the tunnel comes into a busy part of Birkenhead and the other into the Port of Liverpool, where there is no room for piles of debris and far too much traffic as it is. So this big problem had to be tackled in a big way, and smooth working had to be guaranteed.

Small trains brought the rock to the bottom of great shafts, where it was loaded into lifts and emptied into giant hoppers, each holding 500 tons; underneath stood the latest type of motor-lorries and steam wagons ready to carry it away. The loading had to be quickly done, for more rock was coming in a never-ending stream and the excavators must not be held up.

How the Excavated Rock Was Used

The vehicles travelled by constantly changed routes, so as to cause as little disturbance to the public as possible, sometimes going ten miles round to reach a point only four miles away. In hard frosts, when radiators were bursting, in floods, in fog, the contract has been carried out—and all by night.

The Birkenhead Corporation bought 50,000 tons of rock for roadmaking and building foundations. Great quarries in Port Sunlight have been filled with it, one quarry being three-quarters of a mile long and thirty feet deep. On the now grassy top of this old quarry, which had been worked for hundreds of years, cattle grazed last summer.

Seventy men and 25 lorries worked hard every night, but even those who bought a load of rock for their gardens knew little of the great task being accomplished so quietly and efficiently.

The tunnel is now almost completed, so the tension slackens, and soon the last wagon of Mersey rock will have crept through the night.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

The League Makes Itself Known

To see the Secretary-General of the League of Nations in the flesh and to hear him talk about the work in which he takes such a large share has evidently been a real eye-opener to many people in South America.

They asked many questions and he was able to dispel many fears, to correct many wrong impressions, and to make the League really live in their eyes.

"What can the League do for us?" was the usual demand, and out of the number of answers that can be given to this question the Secretary-General selected two.

The first was that the League, merely by maintaining peace, serves every country in the highest degree, as an outbreak of war in any part of the world violently affects the prosperity of all other parts.

The second was that the technical knowledge and services of the various departments of the League are for the use of those who need them, and that those States applying for help testify unanimously to the benefits received. We may all hope that some day countries may change their question and ask "What can we do for the League?"

Last year 1,150,000 telegrams were delivered by telephone in London.

Last year the Southern Railway carried a million tons of coal from four Kent collieries, over a quarter being for the railway's own use.

THE COMING OF THE LYRID METEORS

Why They Are So Named

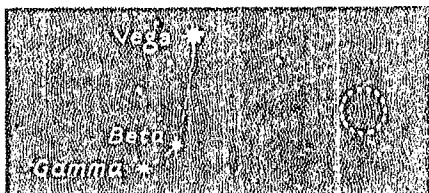
RUSHING PAST AT A SPEED OF TWENTY MILES A SECOND

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Lyrid meteors are due next week, and if the weather is fine a number of these transient visitors from distant space should be seen hurtling themselves to destruction.

The nights between Monday, April 20, and Wednesday, April 22, are those during which they are most likely to be seen. Fortunately the crescent Moon will not be in evidence, except in the early part of the evening.

These meteors will appear to radiate from a point a little to the right of the brilliant Vega. This star will be easily



Chief stars of Lyra, the circle showing the point from which the meteors appear to come

identified not very high in the north-east sky between eleven o'clock and midnight, Summer Time.

Later on as Vega rises higher it veers more toward the east, and early morning before dawn is the best time to seek the meteors.

The star-map shows the position of Vega and other stars of the constellation of Lyra relative to the point from which the meteors appear to come; but while the Lyrid meteors get their name owing to this circumstance they have nothing whatever to do with the stars of Lyra. For whereas the meteors when they enter the Earth's atmosphere and become visible are only between 70 and 80 miles above the Earth's surface Vega, the nearest of the stars of Lyra, is about 159,448,500 million miles away, or 1,714,500 times as far away as the Sun.

From this we see that the meteors are, relatively, quite close to us when we see them, and they really come very much nearer than any other celestial bodies at such times. But they have come from a very great distance and they also recede to a very great distance, that is, all that escape collision with our world and its gravitational pull. And there are countless millions that do so escape, for they travel in an immense swarm in a stream which the Earth crosses between the above dates.

The meteors that are not in close proximity to the Earth rush past it at a speed somewhere about 20 miles a second, or 40 times faster than a bullet leaves a rifle; then they continue their furious career far into the depths of space, far beyond the orbits of the outermost planets Neptune and Pluto, but with diminishing speed as they travel toward those starry depths in which even our Sun appears only as a star, though a very bright one.

In the Wake of the Great Comet

Then there will come a time, a hundred or perhaps as much as two hundred years hence, when the millions of Lyrid meteors that escape our Earth next week will be travelling so slowly relative to the Solar System that they will almost come to a standstill. They will then begin to increase their pace; and then, three or four centuries later, they will come rushing back at their old terrific speed.

Many of them will then be caught by the Earth of those days and our descendants will see them vanish in a wisp of flame; to become, as dust and vapour, part of our world.

So will end still more of the meteoric debris that follows in the wake of the Great Comet of 1861, to which these transient visitors appear to owe their birth.

G. F. M.

C. L. N.

What Is Being Done In Bulgaria

Number of Members—24,950

Not long ago we told how students from all over the world, by great self-sacrifice, had helped the poor students of Bulgaria so that they could build a student house.

Bulgaria has not forgotten this good turn. Every effort is being made to bring up Bulgarian children to think of the people of other countries as their friends instead of as possible enemies.

In every State school Bulgarian boys and girls are being taught about the League of Nations, and now their parents and teachers are discussing other ways of promoting understanding between the children of their country and those of other lands. They are planning to send Bulgarian children to other countries for their holidays and to receive children in Bulgaria in exchange. They are also arranging for Bulgarian children to correspond with children in other lands.

Persuade Your Friends

We hope those Bulgarian children who know some English will write to the Children's League of Nations, the address of which is given below, so that they can be put into touch with C.L.N. members with whom they can correspond.

Every week the C.L.N. is doing more and more to draw the children of the world together. It is now that all C.N. readers who have not already joined should become members of the C.L.N. and do their utmost to persuade their friends to join.

The years are passing, and who knows what wonders our many thousands of members may work in the world when they are grown-up and banded together to make the world's dream of lasting peace become a reality?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

One Who Never Turned His Back—page 1

THE ZOO'S NEW MENU

The dogs and foxes at the Zoo are having a new diet.

Hitherto they have lived on biscuit and meat like our friend the house dog. It seemed the diet for them. But it is not natural to live in a cage, and the puppies and cubs born in the Zoo have not been as sturdy as the authorities could wish.

"They must have vitamins," said Authority, and now carrots and cabbage are added to the diet. Three pairs have steadily refused to touch it, but no doubt they will repent when they see their neighbours' beautiful children.

And the moral of this news item is that sensible folk will not make faces when Mother tells them to eat up their vegetables.

MORE FRUIT

The growth of the fruit trade is almost as wonderful as the growth of wireless.

Each year witnesses the arrival of supplies from new sources. Apples all the year are now a commonplace. Oranges all the year are no longer thought wonderful. Plums all the year are following suit. Each month now becomes a fruit season for our fortunate British Isles, open as they are to the ships of the world.

THE CONFERENCE ON DISARMAMENT

Where Shall It Be Held?

BARCELONA AS A RIVAL TO GENEVA

Where will the Disarmament Conference be held?

Barcelona is competing with Geneva for the honour of giving hospitality to the delegates and other officials.

The mayor of that city has sent a representative to Geneva to describe all the facilities that Barcelona offers. The great buildings of last year's exhibition could be utilised for the conferences and committees, while many hotels are ready and waiting for delegates, experts, journalists, and secretarial officials, to say nothing of their wives and families.

A Difficult Housing Problem

Certainly Geneva is finding it difficult to know where to house the conferences, of which at least five are expected to hold their sessions simultaneously, and the exhibition grounds of Barcelona are provided not only with plenty of large halls, but with most beautiful gardens, cool with marvellous fountains and gay with flowers.

There is even a miniature railway running through the grounds which would be most useful in carrying members from one conference to the next. But whether Barcelona hotels would, on the whole, provide quite as many amenities as those of Geneva is another matter. And the cost of living in Spain is certainly not less than it is in Switzerland.

What Geneva Offers

Biarritz, Cannes, and Vichy also covet the honour of having the conference, but so far Barcelona is the most serious competitor. Its munificent offer includes free transport for League officials, free excursions, and the free use of the exhibition buildings.

But Geneva does not intend to be behindhand in generosity. Its city council offers to construct, free of cost to the League, a large temporary building adjoining the one in which Assemblies now meet, and it is convinced that it can offer sufficient hotel and office accommodation. Exorbitant prices asked by hotels is a serious stumbling-block, but an agreement has now been reached by which a tariff will be fixed in advance and made public.

The decision is to be given by the League Council at its May session.

LIBERIA'S FUTURE

Putting Itself Straight

A further stage in Liberia's future was recently planned out in our Foreign Office by the small committee appointed by the League Council.

The Attorney-General of Liberia, Mr Grimes, came to London to attend the committee. He was not in love with our March weather, for he had left Liberia in warm sunshine and arrived here in snow, seeing it for the first time! His views on the needs of his country were interesting. He was frankly amazed that anyone should think Monrovia, the capital city, an unhealthy place; the inhabitants do not find it so, and why should white people want to clean it up? But that is just what the committee decided must be done.

A British Gold Coast official was asked to superintend the process, and is now on the spot. When his work is done the Frenchman who is to advise on general administration, the Dutch financial adviser, and a health expert to be appointed by the League Health Committee, will settle there to study the situation and suggest ways in which the Liberian Government can put itself right with the world.



Spring days are treacherous

EXTREMES of weather are to be expected during April. Springlike days alternate with periods of rain and frost and bitter winds. These sudden variations of temperature and exposure to damp and cold play havoc with your children's health.

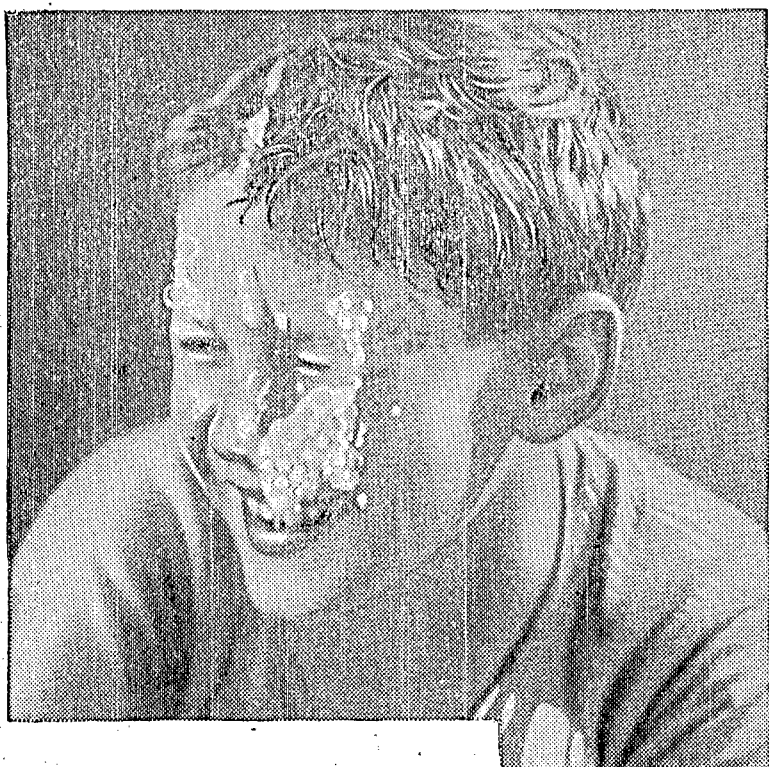
Their powers of resistance to illness have been weakened by the long and dreary winter. Their system lacks vitality. Colds, influenza and often more serious illnesses are the inevitable results. Build up their strength and increase their powers of resistance with the aid of "Ovaltine"—the tonic food beverage which is richest in the nourishment that gives strength and vigour.

Ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk and specially selected eggs are the constituents of "Ovaltine." These are Nature's Tonic Foods. The food elements they contain are highly concentrated, correctly balanced, rendered easy to digest and presented in the form of a delicious beverage. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than twelve cups of beef tea or three eggs.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

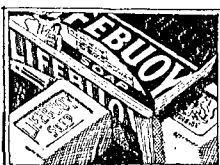


"Chuck it, Bill, you've made me swallow the lather!"

"Do you good," said his older brother. "And next time you cut washing I'll make you swallow the soap. Don't you know a Lifebuoy wash helps to keep you from catching 'flu and things? You'll never get anywhere if you don't wash!"

If results prove anything, Bill ought to know what's good for health and fitness. He never missed a match or practice last term; and that's one of the reasons why he's centre-half and captain of the eleven now.

Lifebuoy Soap helps to keep you fit and strong, because it has power to sweep away germs that your hands can't help collecting in dust and dirt. Plenty of Lifebuoy and plenty of washing guards health. It's a great tip for training—doctors will tell you that. It would be a good plan to get your own mother to buy Lifebuoy. Use it often; you'll like it's breezy smell and fine foam of lather!



A LEVER PRODUCT

LIFEBUOY

is more than a good soap
—it's a good habit

L 526-107

Filming the SOUTH POLE

"They couldn't find the Pole because the barber had gone away!" That used to be the joke concerning Polar explorations. But the joke's gone now, because the Pole has been *filmed*! Rear-Admiral Byrd, whose film "With Byrd at the South Pole," is being generally released this week, was not out to find what had already been discovered.

In this week's MODERN BOY you may read of the terrible experiences that had to be faced before the astonishing pictures that you will see on the screen were secured. In this same issue, too, you have an opportunity of winning a GIANT MODEL PLANE and one of FIFTY WARNEFORD "DEMON" TRACTOR PLANES.

MODERN BOY

Get Your Copy Now! - - - - - 2d.

FOR LITTLE ONE

TOMMY TROT, a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay on straw;
Sold the straw and slept on grass
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

A Proverb

The early bird catches the worm.

Spring is Coming

I AM coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

See! the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on banks of mossy green
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms—a noisy crowd.
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Mary Howitt

Two Ears and One Tongue

ZENO the Stoic was teaching a class
of young men among whom was
a pupil who had far too much to say.

Young man, said the philosopher,
the gods have given us only one
tongue but two ears, and this is in
order that we may listen just twice
as much as we speak.

Two Great Things

LIFE is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

A Saying of Jesus

*THE foxes have holes, and the birds of
the air have nests; but the Son of
Man has not where to lay His head.*

A Fable From Aesop

THE WOLF AND THE STORK

A WOLF was eating his dinner one
day when he swallowed a bone
which stuck in his throat.

He went about howling, asking
every animal he met to help him, and
promising a large reward to anyone
who could get the bone out. At last
a stork undertook the task.

Poking his long bill down the
wolf's throat he got hold of the bone
and pulled it out; but when he
asked for his reward the wolf laughed,
saying: "You may think yourself
lucky that I did not bite your head off
when it was in my mouth."

*Some people are never grateful for a
kindness.*

A Little Prayer

GIVE me the pure heart, O Lord, to
feel Thy presence near me. Give
me the clear mind that understands.
Give me the stainless soul that shall
return to Thee fearless when my time
shall come.

And give me the strong arm to
defend, with all my heart, with all my
mind, with all my soul, the glory of
Thy kingdom.

A RIVAL TO PANAMA

The Nicaragua Canal Again

PLAN TO BRING NEW YORK NEARER TO SAN FRANCISCO

Once again a Nicaragua Canal to
rival or surpass the Panama Canal
through the Central American isthmus
is being considered at Washington, as
the C.N. Map has reported briefly.

Just thirty years ago a United States
Commission reported on the rival routes
after an exhaustive survey of the
isthmus, and though the cut through
Lake Nicaragua had been recommended
by American engineers and work had
actually begun it was on the Panama
route that America decided.

Advantage of Nicaragua

The favour shown to Nicaragua was
not due to any expected advantage over
Panama in construction but to the fact
that the Panama scheme was then still
in European hands and that a large
price was demanded by the Canal Com-
pany for its rights. When the financial
and political difficulties were overcome
Washington proceeded, though not with-
out misgiving, to the Panama scheme.

There has always remained a body of
opinion in favour of the Nicaragua route.
Its advantage is that though like
Panama it would have to be a high-level
canal, would be longer and would cost
more to construct, it would shorten the
journey between New York and San
Francisco, for example, by more than 500
miles more than the journey has been
shortened by the more southerly route.

The Route Proposed

According to the plan recommended
for the Nicaragua Canal it would begin
at Greytown on the Caribbean Sea and
follow the valley of the San Juan River
for 100 miles to Lake Nicaragua. There
would be a 70-miles voyage across the
lake to the St Lajas River. The canal
would then go up that river to the water-
shed through which it would cut, and
then go down the valley of the Rio
Grande 17 miles to the sea at Brito.

The whole length of the Nicaragua
route would be 187 miles. The highest
level of the canal above the sea would
be some 114 feet, reached by five locks
on one side and four on the other.

The cost is now estimated at
£140,000,000 and the time of construc-
tion at 10 years.

The Panama Canal cost about half that
sum; but time is money, and vessels
would save a day and a half over Panama.

AFRICA WAKING UP

Black Men Making the Pace

From a Correspondent

The West of Africa, between Senegal
and the Congo, is waking up fast, and it
is the black men, not the white, who are
making the pace.

This is obviously the right thing, as it
is their own country; we hope they will
gather from the Old World its best and
not its worst. At present they are busy
building up trade and industries, their
towns are expanding rapidly, and
Negro youth is pouring into them,
eager to take its part.

But a strange movement seems to be
accompanying all this Western activity.
Ancient paganism is appearing again,
and in many places the people are going
back to their old barbaric culture and
customs, feeling that to be a part of
their new national awakening, some-
thing belonging to them from of old
and part of their life. Native leaders
discourage the wearing of European
clothes and old fetishes are being
restored. In certain parts the faith of
Islam has a strong influence, and at
least two cities, Dakar and Kano, are
almost entirely Mohammedan.

Christian groups are facing enormous
difficulties, and the missions have a task
beyond their powers.

THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Mark Trytton was expelled from Sandhill the term before his young brother arrived at the school.

But only Mark and one or two others knew the facts: most people thought he left because he had failed to get his remove.

Trytton Junior was one of them. He came to the school with not a care in the world—and a very keen sense of fun.

CHAPTER 3

The Trophy

WHAT presumption was this? And however had their verse turned into a different one?

This was far too much for Dumph. "Well, I'm jiggered," he gasped. "Did you ever see such an extraordinary thing in your life! It's uncanny!"

"Ham, hand it to me," said Bonner. So Hammond took the strip of wood from its nail and passed it to Bonner, who, holding it up by the string with which it was hung, gave it a twist and spun it in front of Dumph's eyes. When the string untwined, behold! there was their former verse.

"Incredible!" pronounced Dumph. "You juggins!" said Bonner.

But eventually Dumph understood what had happened. "I knew all the time," he averred with a feeble laugh. "Of course, someone's branded that other verse on the other side."

Gosling uttered hotly "It's nothing to laugh at."

"No, of course not, of course not; I wasn't laughing," cried Dumph. "I mean, it's cheek. It's nothing to laugh at. It's cool cheek. I'm with you all the way, Gosling."

He always was. If Gosling said black was white, then white it remained for Dumph until Gosling restored it. Hammond was inclined a bit that way as well. He seconded heartily.

"Then what are we going to do about it?" said Gosling.

"Find the person who did it," grinned Bonner, "and—"

"And make him sit up!"

"If you think it worth while," said Bonner, still grinning. "But if you ask me, I don't think he's hurt our old plaque, and at any rate we've got two verses now instead of one."

"Oh! That's what you think! So that's what you think!" shouted Gosling, and he looked Bonner up and down with enormous contempt. "You weren't here when we got this plaque, Bonner. You hadn't come then."

"No, I hadn't, I'm glad to say."

"And why are you glad?"

"Because there are such a lot of goats in this day-room."

"Is that meant for me?" said Gosling in his best tones.

"No, of course not, Gos! No, of course not!" Dumph broke in fervently.

"All right. Well, I've been in this day-room longer than anyone so I ought to know what I'm talking about," resumed Gosling. "None of you people had come when we got this plaque, and I tell you it's a trophy, that's what it is. It's got a history we ought to be proud of."

"We are, old man," Dumph and Hammond cried together.

"If you please," petitioned a new voice, "what's its true history?"

Gosling's eye sought the inquirer. "Oh, that's you, is it, Pickles?" he snapped, rather dubiously regarding a very short person who advanced at once and stood staring up at his face. "Do you mean to say I've never told you its history?"

"No; never."

"You ask its true history." Gosling's tone had become as suspicious as his glance. "You are not suggesting, are you, that I should invent one?"

"You couldn't," answered the short person very promptly. "I mean, you know, you—er—wouldn't dream of inventing."

"All right, I'll tell you. Old Oldridge gave us this plaque—"

"What! The Oldridge that's in the Sixth now?"

"Yes. The same. When he was in the day-room. It was my first term," said Gosling, dropping his voice. "Old O was no end of a corker in those days. There wasn't a single thing he stuck at. I tell you, old O was a beauty!"

"But what about the plaque?"

"I'm coming to that. But you take old Oldridge now. He stalks about with a face on him like a beak's, and he'll jump on you for any rubbishy trifle. You'd never think

he'd ever broken a rule! But oh, my hat!" Gosling went on, lowering his voice more, "if you could remember old O as I first remember him!"

"But what about the plaque?"

"Well, it all concerns Oldridge. For some reason or other, no one knew why, Deacon's teashop was put out of bounds for the Lower School, though it was said the seniors could go there still if they liked. The seniors didn't like; they had never cottoned to Deacon's; but Oldridge said what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander and he set up a grouse in the day-room about it. He groused for days, and then all at once he shut up. And nothing more happened."

"I don't think much of that!" said Pickles.

"You wait a moment," cried Gosling. "You wait a moment. It was quite a month after the shop had been put out of bounds that a chap from the day-room met Mother Deacon in the street and she told him that one of the masters had been in to ask whether any of the school juniors had been in her shop. This chap said: What did you tell him? She stared, and said: No. Of course I told him No; you've none of you been in. And Oldridge, who was standing by, cried: That's a whopper! I've been to Deacon's every week this last month."

Gosling stopped again. Then: "They didn't believe O," he went on; "they thought he was pulling their legs. But he looked at them with a sort of half-smile he had, and he said: I have. I've been there every week."

"Somebody said: Then Mother Deacon was lying? And Oldridge laughed and said: Not she! And he went on laughing, but to himself, very cunningly. And then suddenly he said: Look here! I'll go there tomorrow and I'll prove that I've been. Is that understood? And when they agreed, he said: All right, keep your mouths shut. That's all I stipulate."

"Well?" exclaimed Pickles. "Yes?"

He was now all agog with excitement.

"Directly after roll-call next afternoon O came slithering into the day-room, and after collecting the chaps and shutting the door out of his pocket he whipped a long strip of wood."

Pickles's eyes were at their widest.

"Yes, our plaque," said Gosling, "with the verse branded on it."

"But where had he got it?"

"Well, that was his proof. He'd brought it from Deacon's. Of course they all knew that, for they recognised it at once. They'd seen it too often at Deacon's to mistake it. Mother Deacon used to keep it hanging at the back of the shop on the wall beside the door leading from the kitchen. And O had unhooked it and brought it away as his evidence."

"But how could he carry it off or get in the shop even without being spotted?"

"I tell you he wasn't spotted," Gosling said fiercely.

"Nor the other times?"

"No; nor the other times."

"But he must—"

"He wasn't. How did he manage? He wouldn't let out, not until the term after, when Deacon's was back in bounds. Then he told us. And then, but not until then, he solemnly presented the plaque to the day-room, and said it had to hang on the door for keeps. And now you know why I'll scrag the person who has cut it about."

He restored the plaque to its nail, the genuine verse outermost, and ended with a savage glare round the room.

But they would not let him stop there.

"You haven't told us how Oldridge got in," they insisted.

"Into Deacon's? He'd wangled it pretty cleverly. He'd dressed as an errand boy, and used to go through the back door into the kitchen as though calling for orders. He bagged the plaque that day by slipping like a flash from the kitchen and snicking it from its nail when Mother Deacon had her back turned serving customers. Oh, I tell you, old O stuck at nothing. Not he! In those days."

A bawl rang down the corridor, full-throated, impatient.

"That's Izard!" Gosling exclaimed. "He seems in a tear. I'm fagging his study this term." And he went in a rush.

Then Pickles turned to Bonner. "Between you and me," he whispered, "Gosling's a windbag. Was it really our Oldridge who did that?"

Bonner nodded and smiled. "You can't believe half Gosling says, but he's got it right this time," he answered.

Continued on the next page

Why is it called

the Wake-up food?



Post Toasties releases its stored-up energy quickly. These sun-drenched flakes of Indian Corn are brimful of breakfast joy—wonderfully good with milk or cream and so easy to digest. Let their quick new energy give you a flying start on the day's work—filled with vim and vigour. Post Toasties is the Wake-up Food. Buy the big red and yellow packet from your grocer to-day.



Post Toasties

The Wake-up Food

MADE IN CANADA

Post Toasties is one of the Post products which include Grape-Nuts, Postum and Post's Bran Flakes.

THE WONDERFUL THING THAT NANSEN DID

THE world will for ever remember Dr Nansen as a king among men, one who gave all the years of his life since the war to promote goodwill among all nations.

But the world should never forget also one other thing that Nansen did when he was in his prime. It was done before this generation of young men had come into being, and as they should know of it we tell the story in the pages of My Magazine.

Nansen thought the great mass of Polar ice was moving, and all men laughed at him. He built a strong little ship, he took it out to the Arctic regions, he proved he was right.

The story of this nineteenth-century knight without fear and without reproach, who set an imperishable example to our own centuries and to others that are to come, is told in the new number of My Magazine, which is now on sale everywhere.

Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

Arthur Mee's Monthly

May Issue

One Shilling

They can afford to smile—

who preserve and beautify teeth with



GIBBS DENTIFRICE



Gibbs Dentifrice in neat aluminium cases: Popular size 7d.; Large size 1/-; De luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. In tubes 6d. and 1/-. Gibbs Mouth Wash, in powder form, fragrant and antiseptic, 1/- per flask.

Facial charm finds its most captivating expression in a smile—a smile that discloses perfect glistening teeth.

With such teeth... of course... you want to smile. For a set of perfect teeth is the best of reasons for bounding health and high spirits. So much depends on the teeth! Care for them in the way that leading Dental opinion recommends. Use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day. Visit your Dentist twice a year.

The fragrant penetrating foam of Gibbs Dentifrice breezes delightfully round the mouth and teeth—searching out, washing away all impurities and decay-causing deposits—polishing the teeth to a natural pearly lustre. Buy a case of Gibbs Dentifrice today for each member of your family.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

FREE!

The New Gibbs Fairy Book Free with the purchase of any Gibbs Toilet Preparation. If your retailer cannot supply

SEND THIS COUPON



EMERGENCY COUPON

To D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept. 9XD), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1. Please send me the new Gibbs Fairy Book and sample of Gibbs Dentifrice. Enclose 3d. in Stamps (sealed envelope) to cover postage and packing.

Name.....

Address.....

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

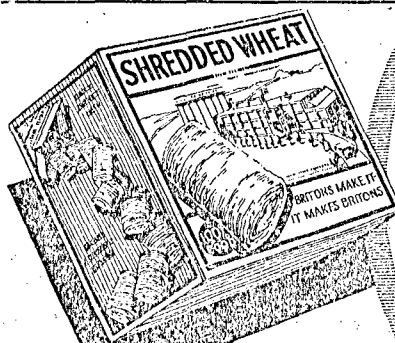
Expert Contributors

are at your service if you read POPULAR WIRELESS. Week by week they will give you particulars of the newest and latest developments in the world of Radio. If you are not getting the fullest possible satisfaction from your set, POPULAR WIRELESS will put you right. If you can't get as many foreign stations as the chap next door—again, "P.W." will put you right. Place a regular order with your newsagent right away.

POPULAR WIRELESS

On Sale Every Thursday

3d.



The Food for Constant Health

Archie Compston—the world-famous golfer wrote:

'Start each day with

SHREDDED WHEAT'

CHAPTER 4

The Mixed One

PICKLES found nothing at Sandhill to grumble about except H. L.'s opinion of his mathematics.

Everybody called Mr Leonard H. L., but Pickles hated H. L. to call him the Mixed One. Pickles said it wasn't funny, not a bit funny; moreover, he said, he didn't call H. L. that to his face, therefore H. L. shouldn't call him the Mixed One in class. Besides, he couldn't stand his name.

When they told him that Pickles was a sound name and that people called Pickles were always sound people, he said of course they were; he knew that quite well; but that was no reason why chaps shouldn't choose their own names. If he'd had his choice, he said, his name would be Arrow-smith, or Hepplethwaite, or Whinberry-Tungstone or Brown.

They said they could understand Brown, but why Whinberry-Tungstone?

"Well, why not?" he would answer. "You tell me why not?"

This stumped them.

He said he knew that H. L. was tall and he wasn't; but that didn't entitle H. L. to call him the Mixed One. Of course it didn't, he said. He knew he was short. But a fellow ought to feel rather pleased at being short; the best things were always wrapped up in the smallest parcels. Oh, yes, anyone could easily retort that was stale, but weren't the stalest sayings always the truest. If they weren't, why did dictionaries define them as truisms?

That stumped them again.

Well, this afternoon, being the first of the term in full class, Pickles entered with all sorts of books under his arm, and, after seating himself as far out of sight as he could, fixed his watch on the dais with a darkly reflective expression. Was it possible that H. L. would not take them this term? Was there just a chance that H. L. had been promoted? He might—no, there came his tread down the passage, and here he came himself, as briskly as ever.

"I will take your names first," he announced. "Halloa, there's our Mixed One! Why, Mixed One, I thought you'd have got your remove in July?"

A satisfied glitter played in the Mixed One's pale eye. Could it be, after all, from relief that H. L. was still taking them?

"No, sir, I don't go in for removes, sir," he chirped.

"Ah, your mathematics," commented Henry Leonard austerely. "Well, now your names. Each stand as I call his name out."

One after one they rose until all were afoot except Pickles's neighbour, a person of unruly hair. Mr Leonard stared.

"But I don't seem to have you," he uttered. "I have called all the names out. Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The stranger cocked his head on one side like a sparrow. "If you please, sir," he answered, "they told me to come here."

"Who told you to come here?"

"Sir, I don't know," replied the unknown.

"But this is B classroom, isn't it?"

"It is," groaned H. L.

The trespasser jumped to his feet and looked happily round him.

"But this won't do," remarked H. L., shaking his head. "You are not on my Form list; at least, so far as I know. And I can't have all sorts of odds and ends drifting in here and imagining they can make themselves at home. I don't know your face. You're a new boy?"

"Yes," said the new boy, without any symptoms of budging.

"What's your name?"

"It's Trytton, sir. F. B. J. Trytton."

They thought Mr Leonard's face changed, ever so little. "Oh, it's Trytton," he repeated. "And what does F. B. stand for?"

"For Frederick Barnstaple, sir. I was born, sir, at Barnstaple."

"Indeed," observed H. L. dryly. "I thought it stood for Feather Brain."

"Yes, sir," Trytton accepted with a wide grin.

"But, really, Trytton, only an absolute Feather Brain would come wandering into a class where he does not belong." Then H. L. summoned Bonner. "Bonner," he bade, "trot off and ascertain where Trytton belongs. You can find out from Mr Stevenson. And be quick about it."

So Bonner went, with a wink en route to the Mixed One, who, reaching just about up to Trytton's shoulder, was treating the newcomer's ribs to some sharp-elbowed jabs. Trytton brushed his side with his hands like one brushing a fly off, and continued to gaze round the room with the cheer-fullest countenance.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO IN A WAKEFUL MOOD

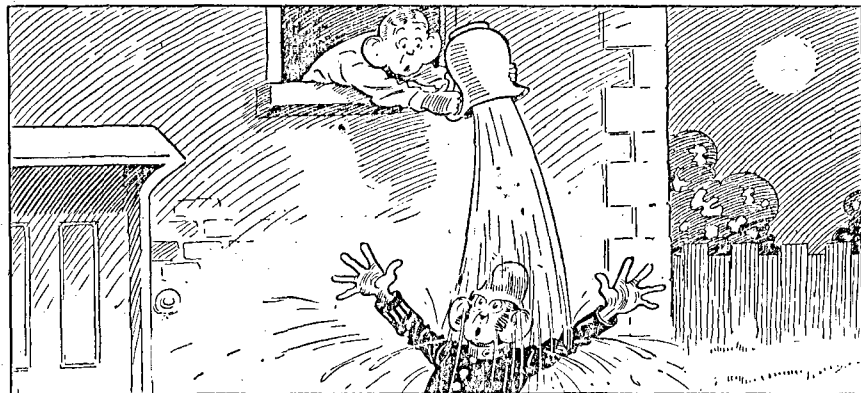
NOTHING ever disturbed Jacko at night. He was an excellent sleeper. But one night, strangely enough, he simply could not go to sleep.

There was a very good reason for his wakefulness. Mother Jacko had made a huge batch of jam tarts that day, and every time Jacko closed his eyes he thought of that big dish in the larder. At last he heard his mother and father

Jacko plucked up his courage and looked round the door the room was empty. The light was coming from outside—somebody had a torch pressed right up against the window.

Quick as lightning Jacko hopped out of the room and dashed upstairs.

"I'll settle the burglar!" he said, seizing his big water-jug and rushing with it to the landing window.



Jacko took careful aim, and got his victim fair and square

come up to bed. And when everything was quiet and the house in darkness he couldn't stand it any longer.

"Here goes," he said to himself, and slipped downstairs on tiptoe.

The larder door wasn't locked. And the jam tarts were really scrumptious.

"Worth a caning!" Jacko said.

But, as he crept out of the larder, he had a horrid fright. There was a light moving about in the dining-room.

Jacko thought of all the burglaries he had ever read about, and his teeth began to chatter.

But, strangely enough, there wasn't a sound in the dining-room, and when

Sure enough, there was a shadowy figure just below. Jacko took careful aim, and got his victim fair and square.

But, instead of sneaking away, the man made a fearful noise and rang the front-door bell furiously. It was a policeman who had been specially asked to watch the house as Mother Jacko was nervous!

Of course the noise woke up the whole household, and Father Jacko had to come down and pacify the angry policeman.

But Jacko had no luck at all when he tried to pacify his angry father—or his mother, when she found out about the jam tarts!

Begin reading—
**ST. JOHN
 PEARCE'S**
 Greatest Serial of
 School and Sport—
**"OFF HIS
 OWN BAT"**

Get this week's CHUMS and read how Bob Grace comes to the Abbey School as assistant groundsman and from this modest beginning wins fame and popularity by his wonderful prowess as a sportsman. It is a story you will enjoy to the last chapter. This week's CHUMS also contains a wonderful budget of complete stories and articles, illustrated by the best artists. There is, for instance,

**"THE SKY
 RANGER"**

by

ERIC TOWNSEND

a splendid, complete bush-ranging yarn. There are other tales by the most popular writers of boys' fiction and grand articles on stamp-collecting, motor-cycling and so forth, as well as a page of interesting illustrations. Be sure of your copy of

CHUMS

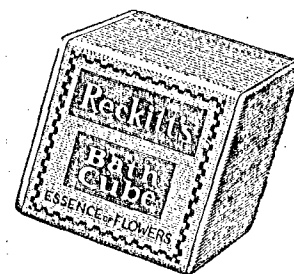
Get Your Copy Now—2d.

AFTER THIS...



...THIS!

Young ruffian! Used to be as bad as Tatters at getting into a bath. Nowadays the greater trouble is to get him out. One Reckitt's Bath Cube makes all this difference. Makes the water soft as rain and helps it do its work. Far less rubbing and scrubbing needed even for grimy knees. Makes the bath calming, soothing, comforting. Active muscles are rested, growing limbs refreshed. Now he'll go to bed feeling, for once, very nearly as good as he looks.



*Lavender, Lily of the
 Valley, Verbena &
 Essence of Flowers*

RECKITT'S

From all Grocers, Chemists, Stores, etc., at 2d. each
 and in cartons of 3 cubes for 6d. or 6 cubes for 1/-

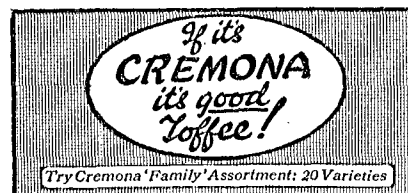
Bath Cubes

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

A MUG OF HOT COCOA

and three slices of bread, butter or jam are given to hundreds of little hungry children every week. Remember the little ones. 3d. pays for one breakfast; 2/6 for 10; 10/- for 40; and 25/- for 100. How many may I entertain as your guests?

Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, East End Mission,
 Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.



"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by

LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market
 Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1
 President—WALTER SCOLLS, Esq.

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
 Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/6 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 115, Fleet St., E.C.4.
 By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price 4/-. or with 5 coupons only 2/6 De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



MADE and GUARANTEED by

The APEX INFLATOR CO., LTD., Aldridge Road, Perry Barr, Birmingham.

BAILEY'S "SUPER" PUMP

Celluloid covered 15 x 7 in. With Steel Lining 2/3 each. With Aluminium Lining 2/6 each. The Metal Linings are solid drawn from a Metal Blank, cartridge fashion. Cannot warp.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 18, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Two Ways to School

JOHN always walks to his school, a mile and a half from his home. His pace is 3½ miles an hour. His brother Philip goes to the same school but travels by bus. The speed of the bus is 12 miles an hour, but it has 9 stops of half a minute between the house and the school.

If they both arrive at school together how much earlier does John leave home? *Answer next week*

When Genius Blundered

IN his French Revolution Carlyle describes the night of August 9, 1792, and tells of Orion and the Pleiades glittering down serenely. This was an impossibility as these stars would not have risen over Paris until nearly dawn.

Ici On Parle Français



La mue Une écrevisse La ficelle
Une mue est une cage à poulets. Nous irons pêcher les écrevisses. Il n'a passé un bout de ficelle.

The Ring Ouzel

THE Ring Ouzel is among the birds now arriving in Great Britain for the summer. In appearance it resembles the blackbird, and is, indeed, sometimes called the Mountain Blackbird. It is rarely seen by the casual observer because it avoids cultivated areas and frequents mountain and moorland. It feeds on seeds, berries, and insects. The nest is often built under a tuft of heather.

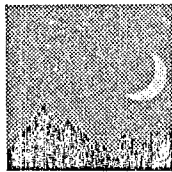
Beheaded Words

BEHEADED, solitary becomes a unit; not closed becomes a writing instrument; at no time becomes always; a conduit becomes something that it carries off; a sign becomes male human beings; close becomes something that deals with sound.

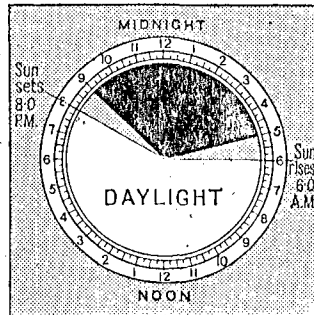
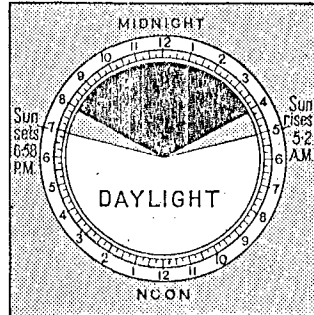
The initial letters that have been taken away spell the name of a great city. *Answer next week*

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Saturn are in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune are in the South-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, April 22.



How Summer Time Alters Our Day



THESE two charts show how Summer Time gives us an extra hour of daylight at the end of the day. They indicate (left) daylight, darkness, and twilight on April 18, the last day of Greenwich Time, and (right) on April 19, the first day of Summer Time.

A Hidden Bird

MY first is in apple and also in pear,
My second's in camel and also in bear,
My third is in bigger and also in great,
My fourth is in pencil and also in slate,
My fifth is in yellow and also in green,
My whole in the mountains is often seen. *Answer next week*

Choosing a Colour

IF you have any doubt whether a colour will suit you do this. Stand in front of a well-lighted mirror and hold a piece of the material fairly close to your eyes. If the shade makes your eyes take

on a deeper tint it is quite safe to decide on the colour. If the material causes the eyes to appear paler it is fairly certain that the colour is not one for you to wear.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Geographical Puzzle

Newcastle
Oxford
Torquay
Truro
Ipswich
Northampton
Gloucester
Hull
Aberystwyth
Manchester

Diagonal Acrostic

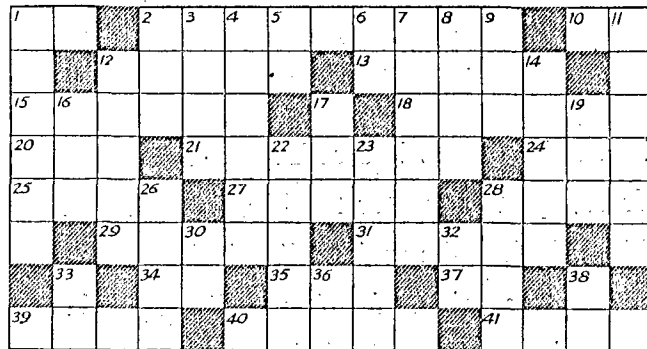
Daughter
Balanced
Inferior
Confused
Temporal
Exploded
Terrific
Rational
What Is It?
Penguin

Letter Subtraction

Spirited, striped, sprite, tries, tier, tie, it.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 45 words or abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk. *Answer next week*



Reading Across. 1. Elevated. 2. Smiths. 10. Bachelor of Arts*. 12. Ventures. 13. Exhausts. 15. Settled. 18. Girl relations. 20. Skill. 21. To go forward. 24. Exist. 25. Rewards. 27. Big. 28. Exclamation expressive of sorrow. 29. A knife sharpener. 31. Sundried brick. 34. An announcement*. 35. Energy. 37. Myself. 39. An amphibian. 40. Small. 41. A mountain lake.

Reading Down. 1. Not reliable. 2. A head covering. 3. A yard. 4. To interfere. 5. Manuscript*. 6. Right*. 7. Cut into small pieces. 8. Great American lake. 9. Born. 11. To value. 12. Fruits of a palm. 14. To climb. 16. Before. 17. A vehicle. 19. A period of time. 22. Important part of wireless set. 23. Great lake discovered by Livingstone. 26. A deer. 28. Incite. 30. Editor*. 32. Order of Merit*. 33. Heraldic term for gold. 36. Pronoun. 38. Conjunction.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

GERALD and Delia spent a happy hour exploring the ruins of the old castle on the hill, all alone except for the jackdaws among the fortifications.

"Let's have our lunch in the keep," suggested Gerald. The keep, the highest part of the castle, had a few broken stone steps still remaining in the wall, and Gerald scrambled up, with Delia after him. They managed to get some way up the wall, but after that the stairway ended. Just above them was a ledge facing a loop-holed window.

"The very place!" said Delia. "Can't you haul yourself up, Gerry?"

The boy caught the ledge with his hands and levered himself up with one foot.

"Good! Now I'll try," said Delia.

"Give me your hand," said Gerald, and Delia scrambled up beside him.



They scrambled up

But when the time came to go home they found it wasn't so easy getting down as up. Gerald managed to reach the

highest remaining step with one foot, and swung himself down. But when it came to Delia's turn she couldn't do it. She tried every way, but she *could* not let herself go.

Gerald guided her foot to the step, but it wouldn't quite reach. Delia was stuck. She called herself an idiot and a coward, but the depth below her made her head swim.

"Well," said Gerald patiently, "we must get that train. I'll run back and get the gatekeeper to help. He's taller and will be able to get you down."

Delia clenched her teeth and called herself names while she watched Gerald bounding down the steep slope. Then she saw him fall and roll over; he sat up and

Dr MERRYMAN

Have You Noticed This?

A FAMOUS novel had been filmed and was being shown at the local cinema.

"I must read the novel before I see the film," said Father.

"But why?" queried Mother.

"Because if I read the novel first I find it so much harder to guess the plot of the picture."

The Beginner

JONES joined his friends, who were deep in conversation.

"Yes," he heard Robinson say, "but I'm afraid it meant about a dozen sittings."

"Been having your portrait painted, Robinson?" asked Jones, butting in.

"No," was the reply. "Learning to skate."

Cook-Who and To-Who



"YOUR grammar's dreadful," snapped the Owl;

"It fills my mind with gloom.

When next you sound your silly call

I hope you'll say *Cook-Whom?*"

"You needn't preach," the Cuckoo sneered.

"I'm sure that there is room

For some improvement in *your* cry—

You ought to say *To-Whom?*"

An Unappreciated Tutor

THE sound of crying came from the garden, so Mother dashed outside.

"What's Baby crying for?" she asked six-year-old Jack.

"It's because she doesn't want to learn anything," said Jack. "She's crying because I took her biscuit to show her how to eat it."

Priceless

SHE had just returned from the Stores, where the last day of the sale was in progress.

"There was a most wonderful vase that I would have given almost anything for," she said to a friend.

"Then why didn't you buy it?"

"Well, they were asking fifteen shillings for it."

THE CASTLE KEEP

grasped his foot, evidently in great pain. He must have sprained his ankle. Without waiting to think, Delia lowered herself from the ledge, searching for the foothold with her left foot and being careful not to look below her. She got her toe in the hole and dropped gently.

In a minute she was leaping down the steps and out through the keep toward the outer wall.

"I saw you hurt your foot, so I came without thinking," she called out; and Gerald laughed in spite of his ankle.

Delia managed to help him limp to the station; and they found that it was not such a bad twist after all, for in a few days Gerald was walking quite easily again.

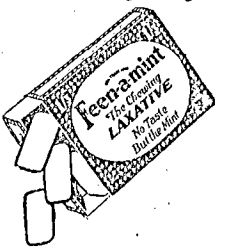
Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists

Dullness
Feverishness .
.. Inertia . . .
DEFEATED
Speedily and Safely
THIS
WAY!



Nothing tunes-up little systems and restores glowing, energetic health more speedily than Feen-a-Mint. Mothers all over the country know that the minor ailments from which children suffer are usually caused by poisons which clog the system. These *must* be removed quickly, otherwise danger threatens. Feen-a-Mint, because it is so pleasant to take (children love its sweet mint flavour); because its action is so utterly natural; because it is definitely *non-habit forming*, is the safest laxative to give. Keep a box handy in the home. 1/3 buys enough for several weeks.

Feen-a-mint
The chewing does it

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box; or post free from the manufacturers.

★ FREE SAMPLE—obtainable by sending your name and address on a post card to
FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS, LIMITED
14 Bush House, London, W.C.2